

On the ferry, New York

Copyright by Hart Schaffner & Marx

YOU like to look, and to be, stylishly dressed wherever you are. There's no better way to be sure of it than to wear the clothes we make. When you buy your next suit or overcoat remember that.

Look for our mark; a small thing to look for—a big thing to find. Send for a copy of the Style Book

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

New York

Boston

Chicago



"Michigan Forty"—\$1,500

Standard FORTY H.-P. Cars Drop to \$1,500

Other Automobile makers said it couldn't be done—that no factory could turn out a car with the specifications of the "Michigan 40" and sell it for a cent less than \$2,100. Most of them placed it at \$2,500.

They cited the fact that making good automobiles has been reduced to an exact science; that the price of skilled workmanship and raw materials has reached bedrock; that a further reduction of producing cost meant *cheapening the car*.

They were right as far as they went. But—

They overlooked the fact that a large part of the price of an automobile goes to pay the expense of selling—that to reduce this selling expense means to reduce the retail price *without taking a penny out of the intrinsic value of the car*.

Two years ago we thought we saw an unprecedented opportunity to capture a big automobile trade by a plan of ours to market automobiles at *practically no expense* and save each buyer \$600 or more.

So we tried it out. And it worked. So well that, without advertising, our output has been far oversold every season.

Six months ago, having proven that both our Car and our Economy-Price Idea are what the public want, we increased our factory output ten times.

Selling Expense Almost Abolished

The customary way of marketing an automobile is *extremely* expensive. The manufacturer must have agents. To get them he must put an army of high-priced men on the road. He must make lavish commission offers. He must often "sugar" the agent. Having once adopted these expensive tactics, he must *continue* them, or his agents will "lay down." When the maker of a good car secures a full quota of agents, he justly considers his business battles won.

Now note how we secured 10,000 automobile agents without spending a penny:

In 1909, when we made our first cars, we had been in the Vehicle Manufacturing Business twenty-eight years. We were, and are today, the largest manufacturers in our line in the world, turning out over 45,000 pleasure vehicles annually.

We had built up a wonderful retail selling organization of 10,000 agents. They all knew the surpassing excellence of our goods. So, when we got ready to sell our first season's automobile output, we had but to mention the new line to our agents. The entire product was promptly sold. We paid nothing to get *distribution*—which otherwise would have cost us a fortune.

And so it has been each season. Our regular agents absorb our output. Though we are making ten times as many 1912 cars as 1911's, *sixty-two per cent of our output is already sold*.

A Magnificent Car—Economically Built

Anybody with capital can build good cars, for the services of the best designers and engineers can now be bought in the open market.

Anybody who has ever dealt with manufacturing problems can build cars without waste. Our many years' manufacturing experience, our mammoth modern factory facilities, and our buying in huge quantities render our cost of automobile production extremely low.

But it is at the selling end that we make our big saving. Hundreds of dollars on every car—and *the consumer gets it all*.

Small Cars Are False Economy

Don't buy a "30." Cars of greater power, longer wheel base, larger seating accommodation, greater speed capacity and increased comfort and dependability are much more to be desired. Note the trend. Three years ago the "30" was in vogue. Next came the "35" and an occasional "36." But the *ultimate* car, the car which has reserve power for every emergency, is the "40." While we make and sell smaller cars, we recommend the "40." Smart folks prefer it.

Built in Five Styles

Model "K"—40-horsepower, 5-passenger Fore-door Touring Car. 116-inch wheel base, extra large roomy seats, inside control. Dual ignition system with Briggs Guaranteed Magneto. Cylinders $4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch bore, $5\frac{1}{4}$ -inch stroke. Three-bearing crank shaft. Enclosed valves and dust-proof motor, absolutely silent in operation. Nickel trimmings. 34x4-inch tires and demountable rims. A big, handsome, powerful, dependable car that suffers none by comparison with the best.. Price \$1,500.

Model "M"—40-horsepower Roadster; built on same chassis as Model "K" Touring Car—same style, same finish. A two-seated business or suburban car with 40-gallon gasoline capacity. Speed 70 miles per hour. Equipment same as on Model "K." Price \$1,500.

We also build three machines of 33-horsepower. Our Model "H" Torpedo Touring, Model "E" regular Fore-door Touring Car and Model "D" Roadster. All models are sold equipped with magneto, 5 lamps, generator, horn and all tools.

Get the Catalog Send us your name at once and we will send you a catalog which pictures and describes each integral part of the "Michigan." (Space will not permit here.) We invite you to compare the "Michigan 40" with cars costing up to \$3,000.

Michigan Buggy Co., 922 Lay Blvd., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Please use the coupon, or if you find it more convenient, send postal or letter

FREE CATALOG COUPON

Michigan Buggy Company
922 Lay Blvd., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Please send me catalog describing the "Michigan Forty" and other Michigan cars.

Name _____

Address _____



Velvet
THE
SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

College men—men everywhere smoke Velvet. It has a flavor that is irresistible. That's why it's popular. Velvet is just the choicest leaves of Burley tobacco—cured right. It smokes cool and pleasant and it never burns the tongue. Good? Why, mere words can't describe its taste—you've simply got to try it. You'll say you never smoked a tobacco as good. One trial will more than prove a treat. Just get a can today—ask your dealer for Velvet. Don't take a substitute. Insist on the real thing.

"Ask the man who smokes it."

SPAULDING & MERRICK
Chicago, Ill.

In a neat metal can
10 cents

At your dealer's, or if he is sold out, send us the roc. We'll send you a can to any address in the U. S. A.



Collier's

Saturday, September 23, 1911

Cover Design	Drawn by Florence Wyman	
A Few Remarks by the Deacon. Frontispiece.	Drawn by A. B. Frost	10
Editorials		11
What the World Is Doing—A Pictorial Record of Current Events		13
Next Republic,—Spain	Vance Thompson	17
The Editorial: Past, Present and Future	Tiffany Blake	18
The Newest Engine of War	Sir Hiram Maxim	19
The Mysteries of 305. Story	Arthur Colton	20
The Serpent and Mr. Hendry's Heavens. Story.	Stanley R. Osborn	22
The Theaters Again	Arthur Ruhl	24
Nevertheless. Poem	Charles Hanson Towne	26
The Average Man's Money		28
Westfield and Pure Food		29
Memory and the Theatrical	Garnet Warren	31
Brickbats and Bouquets		34

VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 1

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. For sale by Saarbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green St., Leicester Square, London, W. C. Copyright 1911 by P. F. Collier & Son. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British possessions, including Canada. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter special issues, 25 cents.

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Packard

The first motor truck to cross the continent entirely under its own power. Left New York July 8th; reached San Francisco August 24th. Carried a 3-ton load all the way.

This is a remarkable demonstration of the stamina and capability of the Packard truck under every conceivable condition of hauling. The trip is one that has been accomplished by only a very few automobiles. The venture has been regarded as virtually out of the question for a heavy truck.

It was easily within the ability of the Packard truck because both Packard trucks and Packard cars are built to surmount difficulties much greater than they encounter in actual service.

Their margin of efficiency is your margin of safety in purchasing Packards for whatever purpose.

The Packard 3-ton truck is used in 137 lines of trade and in 205 cities. Dealers with Packard standard Service Depots in 104 different cities.

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

They
Won't
Slip



In eighteen of the largest cities of the United States 65% of the rubber heels sold today are Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

The majority of people vote for Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels because of that friction plug—a patented feature which positively prevents slipping, and makes them wear longer.

Insist upon

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER
HEELS

The Name
is Easy to
Remember



50c Attached
All Dealers

To the Retail Trade

"It pays to give the public what they want." The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
107 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

THE difference in cost between ordinary pencils and Dixon pencils is small. The difference in quality is great. Many styles and many grades of lead for many uses in

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

Send now for Dixon's Guide for pencil users. It will tell you all about the proper selection of pencils, and it's free.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY, Jersey City, N. J.

WHITE VALLEY GEMS

See Them BEFORE Paying!

These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond settings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., Dept. K, 734 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

STUDY LAW at Home

Become a Lawyer Legal Diploma

We make your home a university. Leading Correspondence Law Course in America—recognized by resident colleges. New text, specially prepared by 30 Deane and leading only law school teachers. We guarantee to coach free any graduate failing to pass bar examination. Special Business Law Course. "Legally trained men always succeed." Over 10,000 students enrolled. Begin now. Easy terms. Catalog and Particulars Free.

La Salle Extension University, Box 2366, Chicago, Ill.

New York, Newburgh.

Home School for Backward and Nervous Children Home privileges. Individual instruction. Personal care. For circular and particulars address

THE STAMORE FARM SCHOOL, R. F. D. 4.

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 37

THIS is what one of the biggest paper companies in the country has to say about advertising. It is aimed at dealers, but its message touches everybody.

"There have always been at least two fundamental laws in buying. The first is, 'buy good goods; and the second, buy 'goods at the right price. These laws, of course, you know and employ every day.

"But now there is a third—a new law—and this is it:

"—buy advertised goods.

"The first thing to do when a stock is offered to you is to find out this: is it trade-marked—is it advertised? If it isn't, perhaps there are good reasons why the 'manufacturer wishes to dodge the responsibility for its quality."

The advertiser who puts his name on his merchandise, and advertises that merchandise, is not dodging responsibility

—but is eager to take responsibility.

That's why advertised goods are worth buying.

T. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

Remoh Gems



Not Imitations

The greatest triumph of the electric furnace—a marvelously reconstructed gem. Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—stands filing, fire and acid like a diamond. Has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in 14 Karat Solid gold mountings. 1.30th the cost of diamonds. Guaranteed to contain no glass—will cut glass. Sent on approval. Money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write today for our De-Luxe Jewel Book—it's free for the asking. Address—

Remoh Jewelry Co.
543 N. Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.



"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have imported roller chain, sprockets and pedals. New Departure Coaster Brakes and Hubs; Pneumatic Proof Tires; highest grade equal and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. Guaranteed 2 years.

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from \$12 up. A few good second-hand machines \$5 to \$8.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL Write on approval, freight prepaid, anywhere in U. S., without a cent in advance. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and a marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything. Write it now.

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, and sundries half usual prices. Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. L-54, CHICAGO

LEARN A TRADE EARN HIGHEST SALARIES

Electricity, Plumbing, Bricklaying, Painting, Decorating and Mechanical Drawing

PAY HIGHEST SALARIES

Steady, big-paying work in any part of the United States. If you learn one of these skilled trades by the "Coyne School Way." Practical personal instruction. Only few months required and small cost. Actual work takes place of books. We help graduates find positions.

Easy payments. Low living expenses. Tools and Materials FURNISHED FREE.

We have finest equipped trade school in world and occupy \$100,000.00 building. Write today for free catalog.

COYNE NATIONAL TRADE SCHOOLS
92 E Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS



The Bread and Butter Question

TO a widowed mother with children to support, the future looks a little brighter if there comes to her each month, as the result of her husband's foresight, a monthly income.

That is just what the Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy of The TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY does. It guarantees a specified income payable every month for life. It cannot be diverted from the purpose for which it was taken out. It cannot be lost by the inexperience or misconduct of others, nor diminished by taxes or attorney's fees.

The TRAVELERS acts as a Trustee without charge and assumes all risks. The policy will not lapse if you become unable to pay the premiums in consequence of total and permanent disability from accident or disease.

This policy yields the wife and children a bread and butter income and now and then a little cake and cream. It is worth looking into, even though you already carry some insurance. Send coupon for particulars.



The Travelers Insurance Company

HARTFORD, CONN.

Please send me particulars regarding the Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy.

Name _____

Address _____



Brightness—cheer—comfort—follow the path of the paint-brush. Ravages of time and wear disappear before its magic influence. And they stay away when

ACME QUALITY Paints and Finishes

are used. Each made to give the highest value in wear and appearance. One for every purpose—each best of its class.

Acme Quality Varnishes are best for interior finishing. Tough, elastic, water-proof. An Acme Quality Varnish for every need.

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish is the perfect material for surfaces such as woodwork, which must stand repeated washing. Gives a dull, flat lustreless finish. Can be applied over plaster, burlap or canvas.

Your dealer should have Acme Quality Paints, Enamels, Stains and Finishes. If he can't supply you, write us. Send to-day for a copy of

The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book

Tells what should be used for any given purpose, and just how it should be applied. Illustrated in full color. Sent Free. Address



Acme White Lead and Color Works

Dept. P

Detroit, Mich.



These Three Cars Challenge the World

For Value in Construction—Workmanship—Power

IN considering this advertisement remember these facts: First, the Warren organization has always and everywhere consistently stood for plain, unvarnished truth. Second, the Warren Company has no bonded indebtedness, no high overhead expense; it can and does put the money in the car. There are no "dead horses" buried in Warren prices.

Experience has sustained the sound conviction of this Company, that, if the cars are right it is not necessary to "claim the earth."

The firmly fixed policy of the Warren organization is to build the highest quality cars that can be produced for the money.

The Warren "30," the car upon which the Warren reputation is built, justified the expectations of every purchaser, fulfilled every promise made for it. In hill climbs, on the race track, and everywhere, it demonstrated that it had the most powerful 4x4½ motor built. It made good.

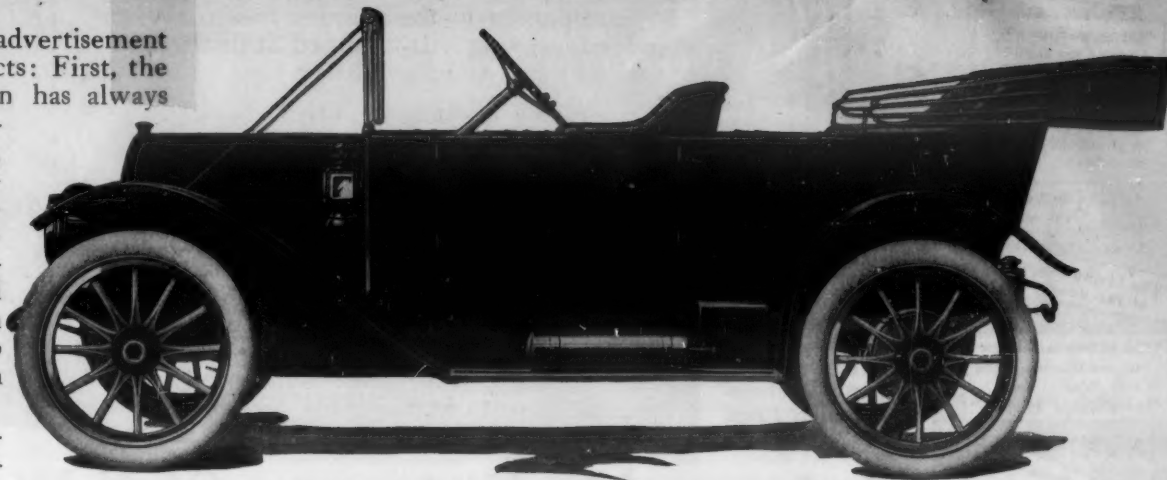
Captured Two Official American Records—One World's Record

Two official straight-away records for 5 and 10 miles respectively—in the 161 to 230 piston displacement class—prove that the Warren has speed and can make a quick get-away. A world's record was made at Los Angeles, April 9th, when a regular Warren stock car covered 1167 miles in 24 hours straight running, averaging over 48½ miles per hour; going through the entire grind WITHOUT A MOTOR ADJUSTMENT OR TIRE CHANGE. This demonstrates conclusively that the Warren has remarkable power, speed and endurance.

40,000 Mile Endurance Test

Added to these achievements is the sensational trip of the Warren Wolverine stock Touring Car which crossed and re-crossed the Continent, doing over 40,000 miles and wearing out three sets of drivers and correspondents. Could any evidence as to quality of materials and construction be more decisive?

Quality is built into every Warren, and every owner quickly realizes that Warren quality is a tangible asset that makes Warren cars run faster, quieter; makes them ride easier, last longer, and look better than other cars of similar price. We urge comparison of materials, workmanship, finish and performance.



With Warren Silk Mohair Top, Top Cover and Automatic Windshield

Five-passenger Touring car. 112-inch Wheel Base. Detachable Fore-doors and ventilators. Muffler cut-out, 34x3½-inch tires. Universal quick detachable rims. Searchlight gas tank. 3 oil lamps and 2 gas headlights enameled; enameled horn. Coat and robe rail and foot rest. Also includes two complete and distinct sets of ignition—Bosch magneto, high tension distributor and eight separate spark plugs. Roadster type, \$1415.

"12-35"

\$1500

Warren MOTOR CARS

"12-30" Now Completely Equipped Including Detachable Fore-Doors

The Warren "12-30" is precisely the same famous Warren "30" except that all models are now equipped with detachable fore-doors, and new prices include silk mohair top, top cover, automatic windshield and complete equipment.

Wheel base 110 inches, motor 4x4½ in. bore and stroke. Four models, viz.: Round Tank Roadster \$1125; Demi-tonneau \$1250, Touring car \$1250, Torpedo type \$1300. Two distinct sets of ignition and 34x3½ in. tires. In power and quality compare with cars listed at several hundred dollars higher.

The Warren "12-35" Touring Car and Roadster Types—With New Style Detachable Fore-doors

More power, style and quality than you can buy elsewhere for the money. This car is illustrated above. Note the long, unbroken straight-line body effect. Fore-doors are detachable, yet the mouldings are so cleverly matched and the joints so carefully concealed that the body is complete and perfect with or without fore-doors. You can remove or attach them yourself. Gives you an open car for summer, a fore-door car for fall and winter.

Motor is 4½x4½" bore and stroke, with enclosed valves and other refinements. It is extremely silent. Transmission is of the highest quality with nickel steel gears and shafts mounted on roller bearings. Front axle is of unusual size and strength. Rear axle has nickel vanadium shafts and roller bearings. Springs are extra long, strong and flexible. Upholstering is deep and luxurious. Equipment is complete.

The Warren "12-40" Five Passenger Touring Car With Double Drop Frame, Full Floating Rear Axle, etc.

Roominess, power, smoothness of riding are the dominating characteristics. The tonneau is unusually large; there is ample room for three passengers with suit cases. Lower back of front seat is upholstered in leather, and tonneau is equipped with robe rail and foot rest. These little items will give you a clue to the perfection of detail and finish that you find in the Warren "12-40." Fore-doors are detachable same as the "12-35."

Wheel base is 116 inches. Motor 4½x4½" bore and stroke—all valves enclosed with removable polished aluminum hand plates. Transmission is of a quality not duplicated in any car selling for less than twice the price. Both gears and shafts are of chrome vanadium steel with annular bearings.

Front "I" Beam axle has Timken Roller Bearings. Rear axle is full floating type with one-piece pressed steel housing. Springs are extra long, strong and flexible. Frame is double drop pattern bringing center of gravity low and accentuating the beautiful straight-line body effect. Aluminum tool boxes four inches deep extend full length of running boards. Upholstering is extra deep, rich and comfortable. The minute you see it you will agree with us that the Warren "12-40" positively outclasses every car at its price in design, quality and all-around value. Write at once for Advance Announcement giving full details.

See the Cars to Judge the Values

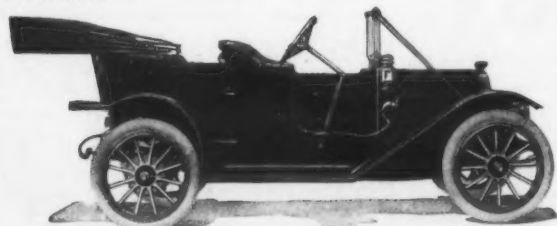
It is impossible to get a real idea of Warren values by reading specifications. See the cars themselves—note the comfort of seats and the flexibility of springs—note equipment and finish. We promise big value and you won't be disappointed.

What Dealers Thought—and Did

Two weeks ago dealers from every part of the country visited the Warren factory. They grew wildly enthusiastic about the Warren line for 1912—told us that it was one of the greatest lines of the year—then backed up their statements by placing orders for a large share of the 1912 output, which is limited to 3000 cars.

You had better see the Warren dealer at once and make sure that you can get your Warren when you want it.

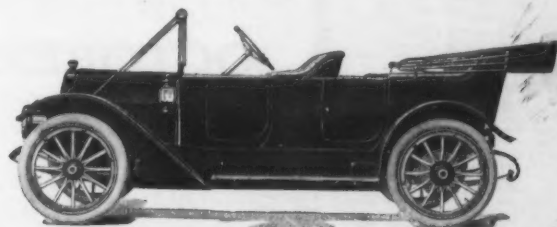
1912 Advance Announcement tells all about Warren cars—gives illustrations and full details. Sent you on request.



"12-30" Five-Passenger Touring Car with detachable fore-doors, including silk mohair top and automatic windshield. \$1250



Write for this Advance Announcement



"12-40" Price includes Silk Mohair Top, Top Cover and Automatic Windshield, Detachable Fore-Doors and Ventilators. Muffler cut-out, 14x4-inch tires, demountable rims, tire irons for one extra tire. Searchlight gas tank with enameled steel shell, three oil lamps and two gas headlights, black enameled. Coat and Robe Rail and Foot Rest. Two complete and distinct sets of ignition—Bosch Magneto, high tension distributor, and eight separate spark plugs. \$1700

WARREN MOTOR CAR CO., 424 Holden Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

A WORD TO DEALERS:

There is always room for high-class dealers in the Warren organization—Get in touch with us at once, it will pay you. Pay you because the people want Warren cars—pay you because Warren cars always make good and are extraordinary value for the money. Write or wire at once.

Although I have long made quite a study of the great conflict, it has never before been brought home to me in the way in which these pictures do it.

Secretary of War
Stimson

It appears to me that you are accomplishing a work of incalculable value in restoring the scenes of half a century ago.

Secretary Navy,
Meyer

"For splendour and beauty far beyond anything I imagined"

"A truly national publication"

"The best and final word"

"The living expression of the dead past"

"The future will know but one history of the Civil War your Photographic History"

"The first volume alone is worth the price of an entire de luxe set"

I feel sure that its circulation will be of great value in giving to our people a better idea of the Civil War. The photographs are very good.

Gen. Leonard Wood

"Never seen or heard of anything to equal it"

"As vivid an impression as if I had participated"

"We members of G.A.R. as well as the Confederate veterans, are well pleased with it"

"Would not be without it for ten times the cost"

It has extraordinary interest for me. I cannot imagine a more interesting or vital service to that time than this one that you are rendering through your publication.

Owen Wister

"Your announcements have not done it justice; I doubt if it would be possible"

"Writers may say what they please but your books show what was"

"The most important and convincing presentation of the war"

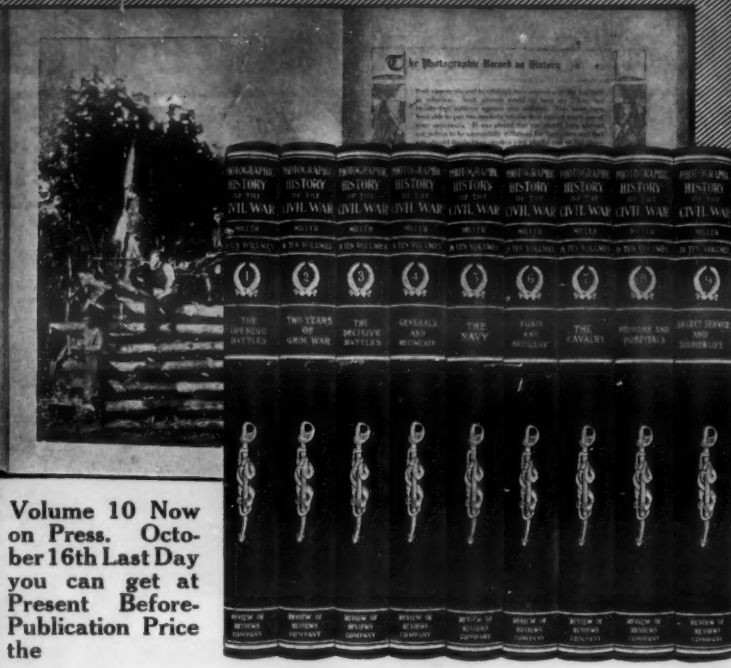
Original Photograph Free

In the heat of the Civil War, men had their pictures taken and forgot. Now, after many years, they come face to face with their dead selves in the "Photographic History of the Civil War." Every day men find themselves—friends and relatives in these pictures.

In these thousands of photographs, there may be one dear to you. If, after you get your set, you find in it the picture of any relative, write and let us know, and we will give you, entirely free, an original photograph of that particular picture, which you can frame and keep.

Some Early Subscribers

Here are a few of those who have ordered the "Photographic History" without any special solicitation: Jack London, Henry O. Havemeyer, Howard Chandler Christy, George Ade, Gen. Basil Duke, David Starr Jordan, Rear-Admiral C. S. Norton, Rockwood (The Photographer), J. G. Phelps Stokes, William A. Pinkerton, Hamlin Garland, Mrs. Oliver Ames, Mrs. Cyrus Hall McCormick, Comm. W. C. Cole of Annapolis, Mary Johnston, Jack Norworth, Oswald G. Villard, Larado Taft, Owen Wister, Gouverneur Morris, Curtis Guild, Jr.



Volume 10 Now on Press. October 16th Last Day you can get at Present Before-Publication Price the

Photographic History OF THE Civil War

Last Days at Present Price

ONE hundred pages like this of solid small type would not hold all the letters of delight which have come pouring in as the volumes of this epoch-making work reached the public. Around the edge of this page we show you a word or two from these enthusiastic letters. Never in all the history of subscription books has a work been so received by the nation—North—East—West and South.

We ourselves, impressed with the splendor of our opportunity, have amplified, have beautified, have enriched this set of books so much as we went along, that it towers above our own original conception. With this original conception in mind, we made the present low price to the public. In spite of the fact that the work so far exceeds all anticipations, we are adhering to our purpose—to allow the public the Before-Publication Price until the day the last volume will be off the press. That will be October 16th—and after that day the price must advance.

Until that day, you may have your set on approval at the present price and pay for it in small monthly payments. Mail the coupon on or before October 16th.

3,800 Photographs of the War The Final Text History

In 1860, Mathew Brady was the greatest photographer in the United States. He charged as much as \$100 for a portrait. He risked all to follow armies and navies through the war and made a collection of magnificent photographs, which experts say cannot be excelled today. Ruin and debt were the reward of his daring; he died poor and alone.

He made two sets of glass negatives. One passed into the hands of the U. S. Government. General Sickles and President Garfield valued that set at \$150,000.00. The other set was buried from sight—until, in the year 1910, it was discovered by the *Review of Reviews*. Now at last—this precious heritage of the nation is at the service of the American people in the Photographic History of the Civil War.

But the Brady pictures form only part of the collection in this work. There were other photographers. By patient research, by the expenditure of a fortune in money—and with the help of bureaus of the national and state governments, we have drawn these priceless photographs from their hiding places.

Here in this set you will have the work of Gardner, who went with the Union Army officially to photograph maps, etc., and could not resist transferring to his glass plates the men at ease and in the fight, in prison and in hospital—laughing, singing, fighting, marching, bleeding, dying. Here you have the work of the Confederates, Cook of Charleston, Edwards of New Orleans, Davies of Richmond. Here you have the work of that Confederate spy who took the miraculously preserved photographs of the Union lines and gunboats along the Mississippi.

Here you have photographs rescued from old garrets, from private collections of rich men, photographs dragged back from Scotland, photographs from the library of Charles Dickens—photographs from every corner of this country.

You cannot get them elsewhere at any price

And with the exception of the small collection in the government archives at Washington, these photographs are without duplicate.

It would be impossible for us to overstate their value. When you remember that the value of \$150,000 put on them by President Garfield covered only a part of the original Brady collection—and that all the Confederate and Western photographs, and many besides, have been added in the Photographic History, you will realize why the collection in this work is priceless.

And besides all that, you will have a stirring new story of the Civil War—as different from the old date-map-schoolroom history as these actual photographs are different from mere imaginary drawings. This work is the only one ever published that speaks to eye and brain simultaneously. Not only does each photograph speak to you by a full and brilliant caption of its own; but each faces the part of the war that it illustrates, written for this work by a famous historical writer.

So tremendous was the Civil War in numbers, deaths, events, tragedies, that historians have previously been overwhelmed, and have produced books for study only. Thus the romance, the glamor, the horror, and the nobility of the great American epic has actually been buried as completely as these photographs—as far as the nation is concerned.

And now comes the **Photographic History of the Civil War**. Each great phase of it is told in a separate volume. This is written by experts and famous story tellers to be complete in itself—like a novel, only vastly more exciting because real. So novel and tremendous was the idea; so immense the fortunes it cost—it is no wonder the Photographic History is the first of its kind. But with these ten splendid volumes, you can at last, in five minutes or in five months, *feel the Civil War*. Here is the story of the fierce fighting, the sacrifice of women, the heroism that sends your blood pulsing through your veins—yet weighed for fairness as no history has ever been, for in this History for the first time North and South have joined to write down what both agree was the fair, true story.

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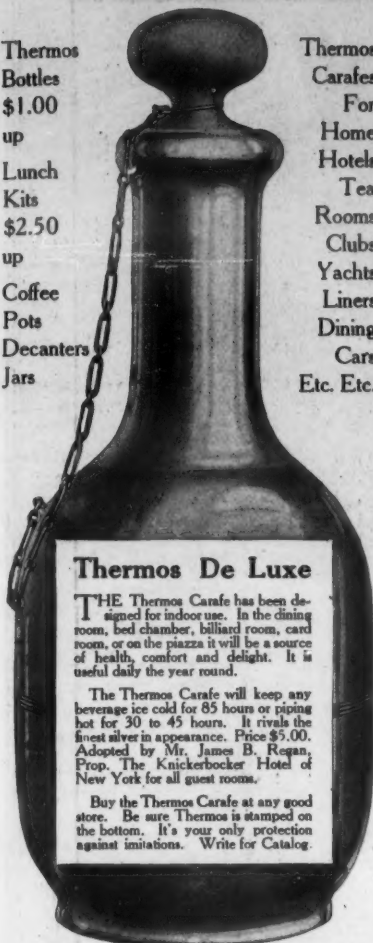
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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, September 23, 1911

The next Issue of Collier's will be the
Household Number for October
And will include in addition to the
regular departments:

Women and Aviation

Four articles by famous women aviators

A few weeks ago we announced a series of important articles by the authorities on aviation. On another page Sir Hiram Maxim writes about "the newest engine of war" and calls it "the most potent instrument of destruction ever invented." In next week's issue Collier's will print short articles by four women who have yielded to the fascination of traveling through space with the birds. There are already nearly a dozen women who are skillful aviators. Foremost among these are the Baroness de Laroche, who writes for Collier's on "Flying in the Presence of the Czar"; Mademoiselle Marie Marvingt, on "The Intoxication of Flight"; and Madame Mathilde Franck, on "Exhibition Dangers." This summer the Aero Club of America granted a pilot's license to Miss Harriet Quimby, and by her recent flights at Staten Island she becomes the first professional woman aviator. Next week we will print her views on "The Safety of Aviation."

The Upward Climb

By RALPH ROEDER : : Illustrated by C. J. POST

John Roberts had chosen to spend his Saturday half-holiday in the cheapest way—a walk through the suburbs—and had come quite accidentally upon an auction of house lots. The auctioneer standing in his buggy was crying:

"Eighteen, all right! Eighteen I am offered by the gentleman. Eighteen! Eighteen! Who will give nineteen?"

John Roberts, languidly enjoying the scene, felt an itching of his right ear. He raised his hand to scratch it. The auctioneer's eager glance caught him on the instant; he took the upraised hand for the customary sign of affirmation.

"Nineteen I am offered!" he announced. "Nineteen! Nineteen! Will any one give twenty?"

Suddenly aware that he had unwittingly made a bid, appalled at the silence which betokened no further offers, yet lacking the initiative to protest at the mistake, John Roberts stood frozen into mute panic.

"Nineteen! Last call!" the auctioneer's voice smote his dull ear. "Sold!" His finger pointed to Roberts.

The dazed buyer was deferentially led to a wagon where the cashier sat with his cash box and a pile of blank contracts of sale. Roberts, top dazed for utterance, afraid to protest that he had not intended to buy a lot, but only wanted to scratch his ear, signed the contract and paid the first installment. The story humorously follows the fortunes of Roberts and his development from a mere clerk into a landed proprietor.

The Vacation Prize Contest

First Prize \$100 : : : Second Prize \$50
All Other Accepted Manuscripts \$25

We have announced another Vacation Prize Contest under the same conditions as the one held last year. One hundred dollars will be paid for the best manuscript of a thousand words or less, describing an actual vacation experience; \$50 will be the second prize, and \$25 will go to the writer of every other manuscript we accept. Contributions must be mailed before November 1; and while we anticipate an even greater response to this contest than to those of the past three years, every manuscript will be carefully read by the judges, and the prizes will be announced before the end of the year. Contributors are urged not to roll their manuscripts and, if it is possible, to have them typewritten. We are especially anxious to secure a few good photographs in connection with each manuscript. On its back every photograph should be described and the name and address of the sender should also be written. The article and the photographs should be sent in the same envelope and should be addressed to the Vacation Editor, Collier's, 416 West 13th Street, New York City. The manuscripts MUST be limited to one thousand words.

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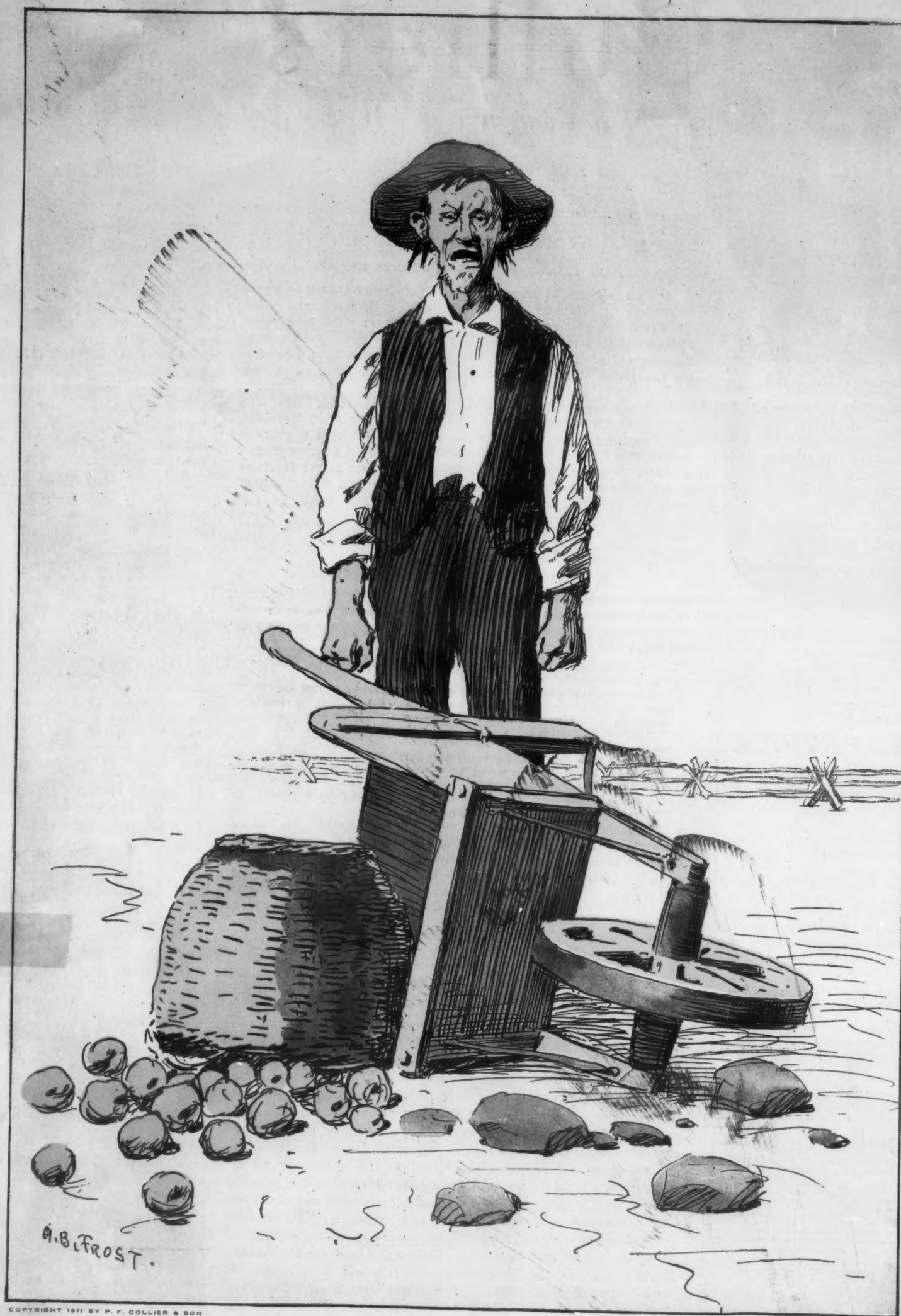


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Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

Vol. xlviii, No. 1

September 23, 1911

Fairness

MANKIND TENDS to hunt in packs. The partisan spirit is universal. Group prejudice disappears in one form to reappear in another. One who has seen too much of this limitation can sometimes swing to the opposite fault and find it in his heart to sympathize with the church in Laodicea to which PAUL was so severe. Of all human virtues perhaps justice is the most infrequent.

The above set of aphorisms were composed during reflection upon the dissatisfaction felt with our honored selves by a certain number of the Insurgents. Here is an example:

It would appear that a number of subscribers have been writing to COLLIER'S since Secretary FISHER took the place of Secretary BALLINGER as head of the Interior Department and Mr. TAFT'S fortunes.—Philadelphia *North American*.

The remark and its implications are human but unworthy of the powerful newspaper in which they appear. The "North American" must know that much current comment is caused by intense hostility to President TAFT and equally intense desire to advance the fortunes of Senator LA FOLLETTE. Now COLLIER'S is notorious for the betrayal of its friends. It believes in Secretary FISHER, but it will turn on him whenever it sees cause. It will not do so, however, for the sake of embarrassing the Administration. It would eagerly welcome Mr. LA FOLLETTE as Republican candidate for President, but it will not therefore endeavor to paint Mr. TAFT as a devil. It believes ROBERT LA FOLLETTE to be a man of noble character and superb record; worthy of confidence and admiration; studious, brave, and devoted; but it need not therefore side with him on reciprocity, Supreme Court decisions, and the Aldrich currency plan. It has been disappointed in Mr. TAFT on the tariff, on conservation, and on his treatment of the Insurgents, but it hopes it is not weak enough to be stingy in its approval when he appoints GRAVES, FISHER, STIMSON, EMERY, B. H. MEYER, HUGHES, or when he works for peace or reciprocity. If we should scold him for vetoing the Wool Bill or for his folly in carrying a foolish campaign into the Insurgent States, and yet not stand ready to praise him if he stands by WILEY and puts the right man in place of WILSON, we should be untrue to our own deepest convictions about the duty of the independent press. We know full well that some of TAFT'S well-meaning enemies see so red that they hate FISHER because he was willing to go into the Cabinet and thereby strengthen the Administration. They will hate any first-rate man who takes the place of WILSON, HITCHCOCK, or other failure, whereas if the President is wise enough to supplant those misfits with ideal selections COLLIER'S will rejoice. The difference is ocean-wide. This paper has, we believe, been of some small service to the Insurgent cause, and hopes to work in those ranks for many years, but we can never join those who seek advantage for their faction by endeavoring to ruin the Administration and to bring even its best-directed efforts into disrepute.

Bacon on Muck

IN A DAY WHEN WEALTH is much discussed, and when the phrase "muckraker" is used in the opposite intention from BUNYAN'S, we may perhaps, without committing ourselves to any illegitimate reading of his words, be allowed to recall an observation of FRANCIS BACON'S. "Money," said he, "is like muck—not good except it be spread."

Good for Boston

THE CONTRACT between the gas company and Boston is probably the most satisfactory agreement existing between any American city and a public utility company. Another demonstration has just been given that some citizens of that town have unusual ability in solving economic civic questions. The Boston Elevated-West End Consolidation Act was, early this month, accepted by the stockholders by a vote of nearly three to one. With this consolidation, and the building of the new subways now provided for, the Boston transportation problem appears to be settled for a generation. This is in striking contrast to the New York Interborough, which on its largely watered stock has just increased its dividend to ten per cent with one per cent extra. The Boston fight consisted of two parts. The first was compelling the Boston Elevated to relinquish its attempt to reverse the policy of municipal control and short leases, for which the leaders in the movement fought in 1896-7 and again in 1900-2. They overcame the Elevated, and then came the fight, with the Elevated as ally, to compel the West End stockholders to assent to what the public demanded. The second phase is important for three reasons:

Sept. 23

1. It is the first instance that we know of in respect to public service corporations, where active capital was allied with public organizations, like the Public Franchise League, to compel dead capital—which the West End leased line represented—to yield to public interest.

2. It is the first instance we know of where the obligation of stockholders to the community has been clearly brought home to them. Approval of the act meant an entente cordiale between capital and the community.

3. The reserve power of revoking street franchises proved to be an important element. The power was not used; but what was freely spoken about, the power of the community to revoke franchises, helped to coerce the West End Company.

The act seems thoroughly fair both to capital and to the public. It continues the lease until 1922 and then gives the West End stockholders in exchange second preferred stock with a dividend of not less than seven per cent, and gives them the right to have determined by a commission, appointed by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the question of whether they are entitled to any more, with a maximum of eight per cent.

A Bourbon

ON VARIOUS DAYS, when the Black Horse Cavalry has ranged out from Albany in quest of loot, President JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN of Cornell has failed to become conspicuous in opposition. A violent turning upon the principles of the Direct Primary was the manner in which his service was once expressed. In 1905 he did this paper the honor to reach the conclusion that COLLIER'S was "too noisy and too noisome" for his taste. In 1910, when the epidemic against Mr. ROOSEVELT among certain classes was filling the air with phrases, President SCHURMAN was conspicuous for his vociferousness. It is no surprise to us that he should junket to Alaska at this time and return home with a voice filled with lamentations that big money is not given free range to do what it will with the coal fields, delivering to the Government in return merely a slight royalty upon the coal produced.

Platitudes

THE SLAG PILE of the Argo smelter, in Colorado, was recently sold for \$30,000. Improved processes in reducing have made valuable what was regarded as waste. The slag pile contains gold, silver, and copper. The average American has no slag pile, but hasn't he its equivalent? One hears much talk of the increased cost of living, but those who complain of it must realize that our habits are part of the cause. The saying that a French housewife can nourish her family on what an American cook throws into the galvanized can is old enough, but worth a thought occasionally.

Of Course

THE REMOVAL of THOMAS S. MARTIN from his position as Senate Democratic leader should not require a fight. It should be taken for granted. To retain him would be suicide for the Democrats. This letter to a railroad attorney should finish MARTIN:

It is, as you know, of the utmost importance that something should be done for the close districts—particularly the Senatorial districts. If your company holds back, I do not see how we can get along. FLOOD, for instance, writes me that he is in a close fight. Your friends have always been able to rely on FLOOD, and he has had to bear some unpopularity on account of his supposed friendship for railroads. . . . What is to become of our friend BREUGH? Do your people desire no leader or friends in the House at all?

What is the use of talking after the publication of such a document? That MARTIN should be chosen to lead again is simply beyond the domain of thought.

Attacking a Good Work

WHEN HE CAME INTO OFFICE as Mayor, JOHN S. BRANSFORD found the Red Light District of Salt Lake City scattered through the business and residence sections. Victoria and Electric Alleys, two of the strongholds, were forced upon the notice of boys and girls upon the way to and from school. At night townfolk who attempted to go to the theaters with their wives and children could not avoid the spectacle of painted women leaning out of second-story windows in colloquies with gaping crowds in the electric-lighted alleys. BRANSFORD attacked the problem with a genuine desire to solve it, and with freedom from the political alliances and obligations which so generally control the attitude of the public man toward this evil. He summoned fifty stanch and sane citizens to his aid, escorted them through the Tenderloin in automobiles at night, and secured their unanimous approval of a plan to

JUN 11 1935
MAY 1912

raid every house except those in a certain isolated square between two railroad depots, where no pedestrians passed save laborers in the railroad yards. Citizens in general cheered BRANSFORD in the preliminary stages of his work and were grateful when it was accomplished. In Salt Lake City politics are complicated. A certain group instantly perceived how much it would advantage them to trumpet afar the charge that the Mayor harbored a recognized Red Light District. Deputy sheriffs who were controlled by a certain political machine were sent raiding in the district which Mayor BRANSFORD's police were leaving unmolested; the section gained in the newspapers controlled by this machine the name of the "Stockade," and many of those citizens who urged BRANSFORD to the course he took deserted him. The political organization which gave him his nomination deserted him rather than face a campaign supporting what he had done. As it happens, BRANSFORD is not a politician. He is neither a Mormon nor a Mormon-hater. When the community was one of small cottages he gained fame by erecting large apartment houses which were years and years ahead of the times. When the apartment houses were filled, and were paying good interest upon the investment, and hundreds of builders were following in BRANSFORD's wake, that half of the people least dominated by the political machines seized upon him to be Mayor. The problem which he attacked varies in detail with every city. He did well, but his political opponents have been able to get the better of him.

Authors

REAL JOKES ARE SCARCE. One has just come our way. A circular gives a list of opera scores. It includes the music of "Ben Hur" and gives as authors of the "lyrics" KLAU & ERLANGER.

Summer's End

"**MUCH OF THE SADNESS** made in us by the sight of a beautiful landscape would . . . be merely the inherited pain of that separation from nature that began with the building of walled cities," writes LAFCADIO HEARN. "Possibly there is blended with it something of incomparably older sorrow—such as the immemorial mourning of man for the death of summer." In spite of autumn's charm the average man, and many who are not average, experience a twinge of regret:

Ah, Love, but a day
And the world has changed!
The sun's away
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged:
Summer has stopped.

Titles to Mines

AGITATION FOR A CHANGE in the law of mining titles is advocated by Government officials. The prospector finds his ore between two well-defined walls of a vein. Because of their conformation, they are known as the "hanging," the upper wall, and the "foot," or lower wall, the vein usually being slant. The mountain which holds these "walls" has been thrown into place by the forces of nature, and in the shock these walls usually become irregular. They wander in changing directions. What the miner looks for, and what he locates, is not the surface, but the mineral values that are contained between these two walls, as they dip down through the earth. These minerals are his property, and it is to these that the Government gives him a deed, though it includes in the deed sufficient surface ground to enable the miner to erect buildings and to take out his ore by means of shafts. Under the present law, the miner can follow his ore wherever it may go underground, as he would follow and claim his lost horse or stray dog above ground. All he has to prove is that the lost walls are the same walls which come out at the surface on which he located his claim. This is the feature of mining titles which has led to so much costly litigation in the West, and which has been a source of wealth to the expert geological witness. The proposed change would give the miner the real estate boundaries on the surface as his main source of title instead of an incident to his title. It applies to mining the ordinary real estate title. All minerals within the boundaries of this surface lot would be his. He could not go outside of these boundaries under the surface any more than the owner of the city lot may trespass on or under the surface of his neighbor's lot. This is the mining law of Mexico and British Columbia. This proposed change has been advocated for many years, so far without success. The early pioneers of our own West sought the protection of the hardy discoverer. His prize came often at the end of years of patient search, and he was too often followed by camp trailers who might under the Mexican law spoil him of the richest part of his find.

Critics

WHAT DID THACKERAY DO to the critics of to-day? Numbers of them jumped into their ink-wells, and, though his centenary is now gone by, they are still orating about his "Victorian" this and his "bourgeois" that and his "sentimental" the other thing: as if Victorianism and burghership and his brand of sentiment had no good in them. "He claimed an artistic birthright," says some one named BATTERSBY in the London "Saturday Review"; "yet he always seemed to be selling it for messes of inartistic pottage." This reminds us of DISRAELI, who said: "It is much easier to be critical than to be correct."

Brevity

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was a close student of style and has left more than one interesting discussion of the technique of writing. In a letter to R. A. M. STEVENSON, dated October, 1883, he says:

There is but one art—to omit! Oh, if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an "Iliad" of a daily paper. To men engaged in editorial writing (which in America is the art of making ideas effective before a vast audience), and to young men and women in college who are planning to enter journalism, we recommend that the above few words of STEVENSON's be committed to memory and put into practise.

French and English

IN THE NEW EDITION of STEVENSON's "Correspondence" there appears a letter to JULES SIMONEAU, the generous-hearted restaurant keeper of Monterey, whose kindness the writer never forgot. STEVENSON draws up a kind of comparison between the typical Englishman and the typical Frenchman—such as travelers are often tempted into making:

THE ENGLISH	THE FRENCH
Hypocrites.	Free from hypocrisy.
Good, stout, reliable friends.	Incapable of friendship.
Dishonest to the root.	Fairly honest.
Fairly decent to women.	Rather indecent to women.

There is nothing here that conflicts with the severe analysis of French character lately drawn up by M. EMILE FAGUET in a book called "The Cult of Incompetence." The Academician writes of his own people:

We are light, we are without perseverance, without obstinacy, without tenacity. We are prompt to abandon. We are children, we are old men, we are never—I speak of the majority—at the flower of maturity.

STEVENSON ascribes to Americans "the English faults: dishonest and hypocrites, perhaps not so strongly. . . . It is strange that such mean defects should be so hard to eradicate after a century of separation and so great an admixture of other blood." These things are almost arbitrary. A very different view of the attributes of the two races is given in "L'Âme des Anglais," recently published, in which the clever observer reverses many of the received opinions; and who shall be final on a topic of such broad scope?

A Wife's Need

A CERTAIN WOMAN was restless. She was worn out, but it was not with physical work. Her husband was wiser, perhaps, than most husbands. He did not send her to the top of a mountain where she was the only inhabitant. He sent her to a resort where there were many new people, with new personalities and new topics of interest. She needed contact with the world more than she needed a cool climate. Frequently men who brush elbows with a dozen persons each day do not appreciate the solitude of their wives. Sometimes when a man needs as a rest to get away from miscellaneous humanity, contact is just what is needed by his wife. Frequently even if she has enough feminine society she lacks the society of men. Perhaps her husband never really converses, or is able to converse, with her. A man hidden behind his newspaper at the breakfast table is not a creation of the comic paper; he is a too frequent fact. Too often his wife does not interest him because the sphere which is imposed upon her is too limited. Yet she may have been so confined to her own thoughts all day that she feels she will go crazy if she does not have some one to talk sincerely with, or some other human excitement. Birds often divide the care of the young, and when the female leaves the nest it is sometimes merely for change and rest. There are some who believe the French woman is more content than the average woman in other countries because she has a share in the family business. She is a partner, instead of a sort of upper servant.

Tennyson's New Woman

WHEN DID THE PHRASE, the new woman, first occur? The idea itself was probably first put into its definite modern shape by TENNYSON in "The Princess"—the germ of the poem having perhaps come into his mind when the first college for women in England was being discussed. Many aspects of the question are given in this "Medley," and TENNYSON certainly could not to-day be called radical. He attacks with equal cogency the bigoted property-view built up by men and the overhasty opinions that are inconsistent with woman's special and profoundly important function. The general truth is this:

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free.

There is one special warning:

For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse.

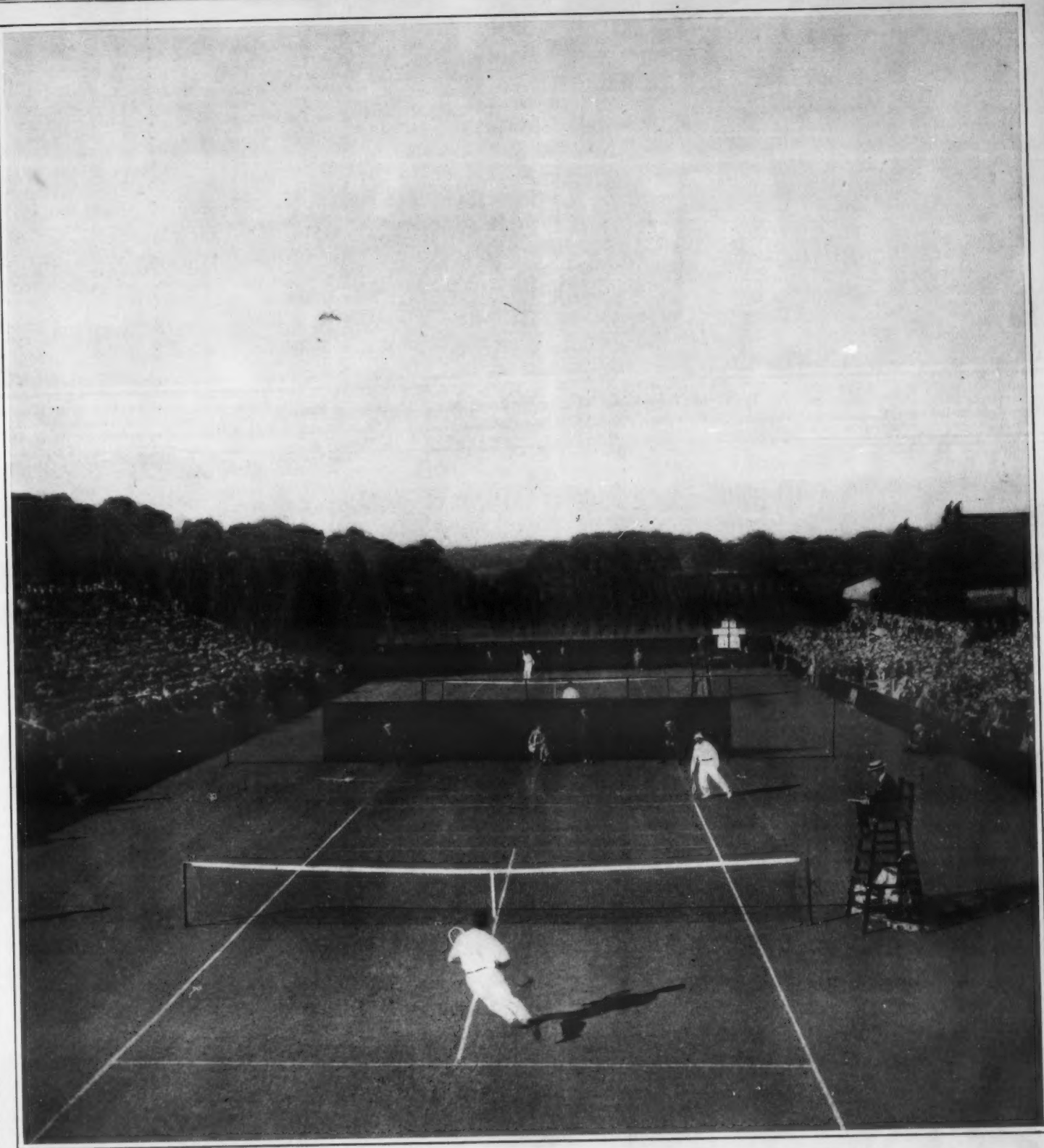
And what of the future?

Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind.

Be it so. Change we must. To nature largely we are compelled to leave the safeguarding of what has been noblest, most unselfish, and best for the race in the now inadequate but still infinitely valuable standards of the past.

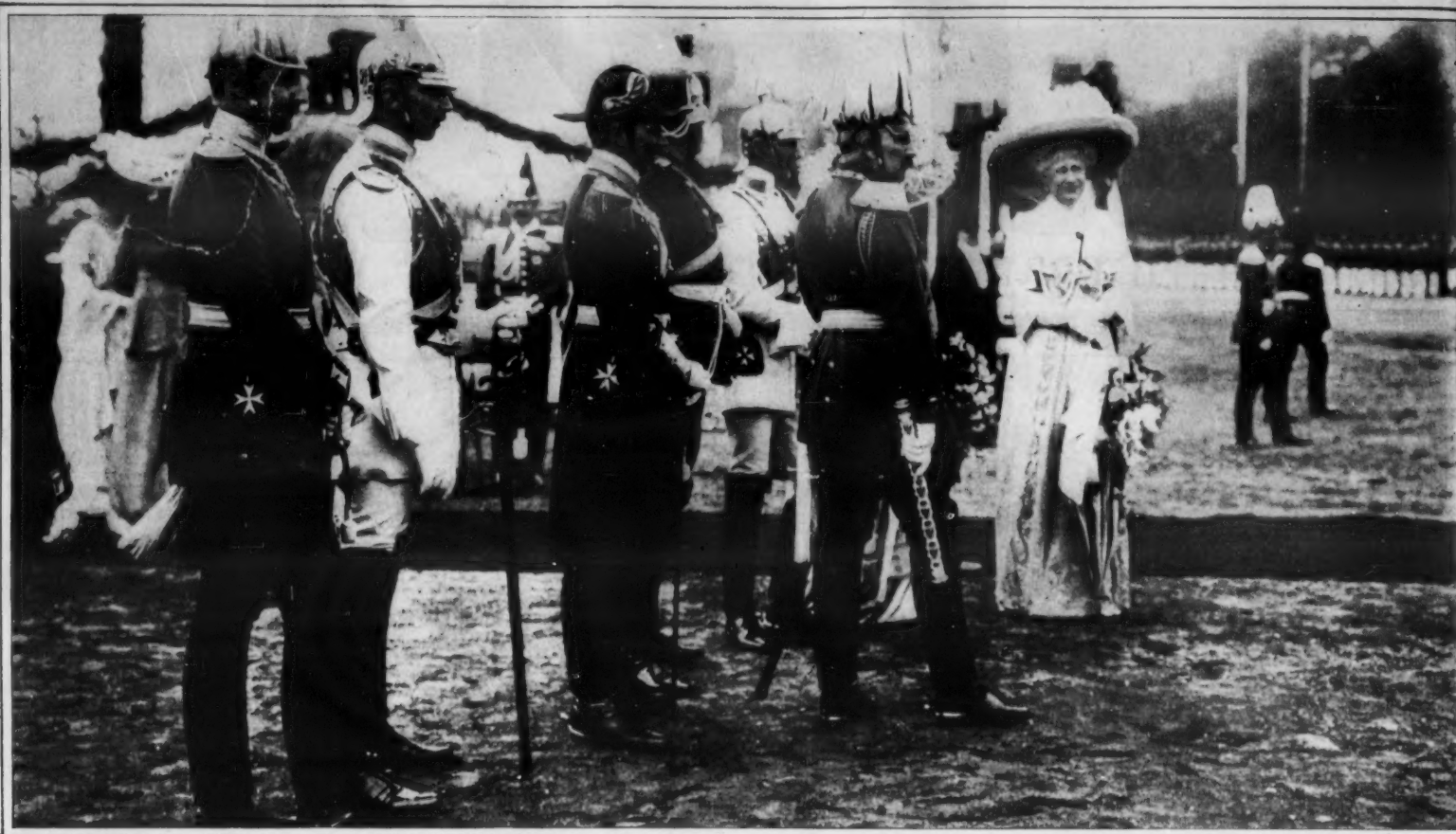
WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

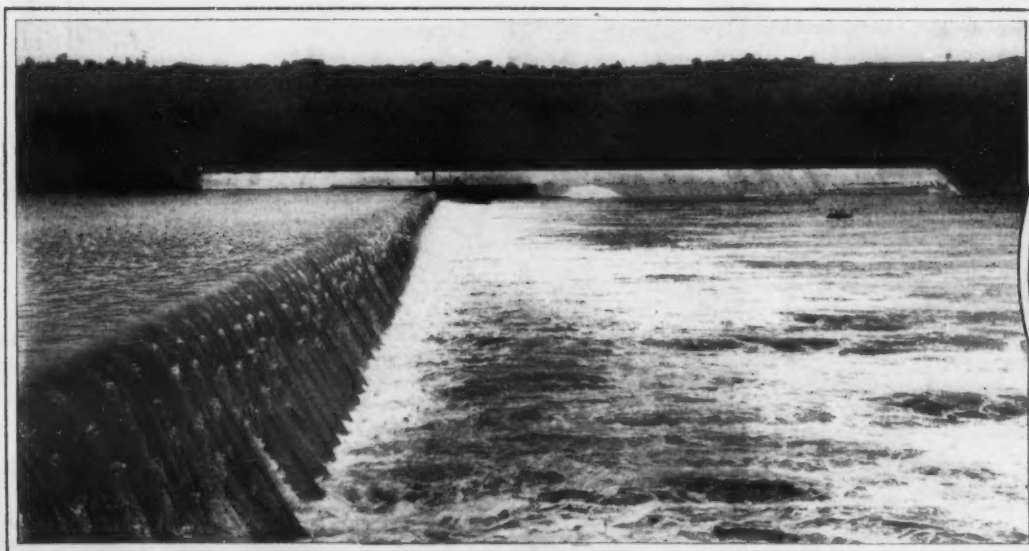


The American Tennis Players Earn the Right to Challenge the Australian Holders of the Davis International Cup
The American tennis team, composed of W. A. Larned, R. D. Little, M. E. McLaughlin, and T. C. Bundy, won four out of the five matches from the English players, C. P. Dixon, A. H. Lowe, and A. E. Beamish, at the West Side Tennis Club, New York City. Larned beat Dixon, and McLaughlin won from Lowe. In the doubles Dixon and Beamish won from Little and Bundy. On the following day Larned defeated Lowe and McLaughlin won from Dixon. The photograph was taken during the latter matches

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



The German Royal Family Watching the Recent Military Maneuvers at Hamburg
From right to left: the Empress, the Emperor, Crown Prince Frederick William, Prince William Eitel Frederick, Prince Adalbert, Prince August, Prince Oscar



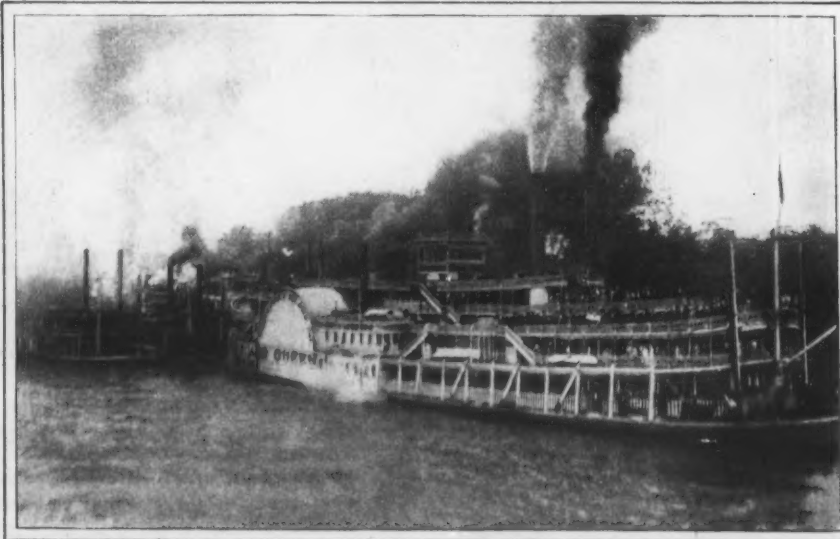
The Fernbank Dam, on the Ohio River, the largest movable wicket dam in the world, dedicated September 5



Colonel John Vance Speaking at the Dedication
THE dedication was performed by girls representing Cincinnati, Covington, Ky., Fernbank, O., and the State of Ohio, who poured water from the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes into the waters of the Ohio

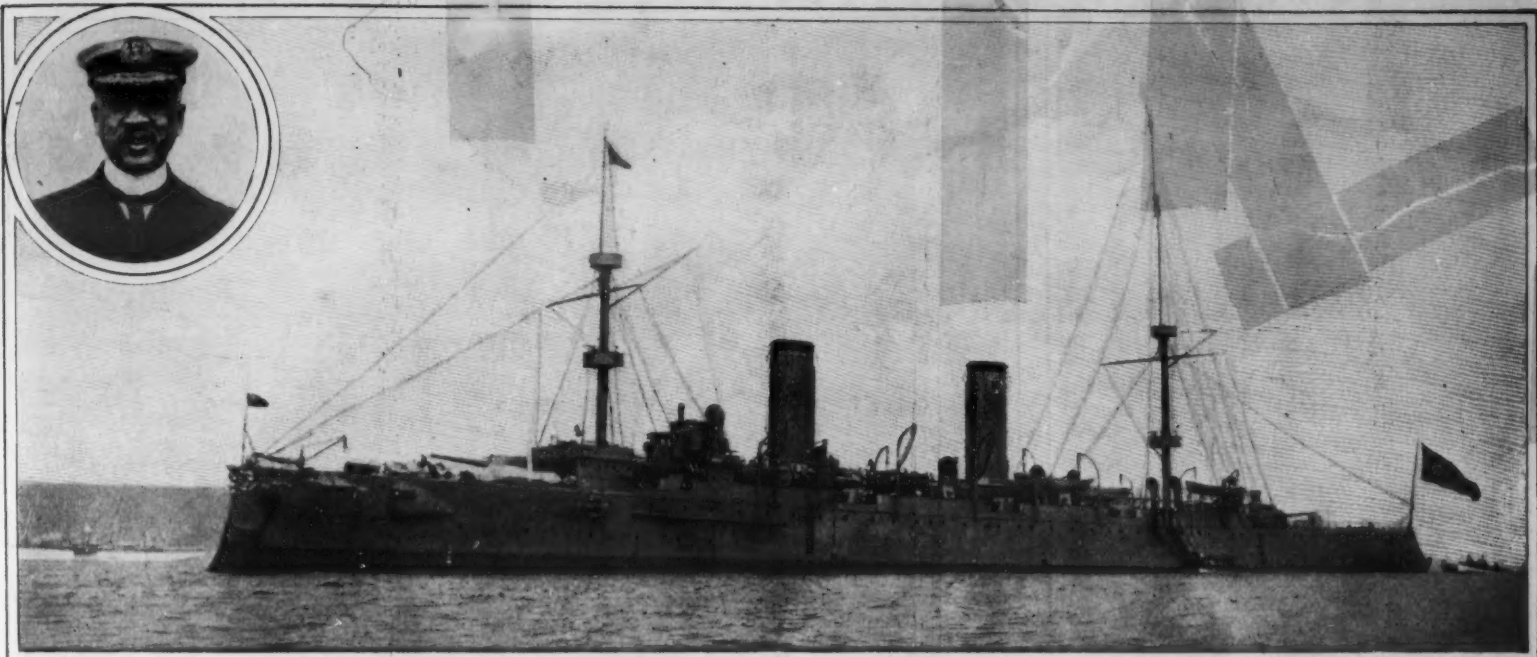


The sponsors of the Fernbank Dam



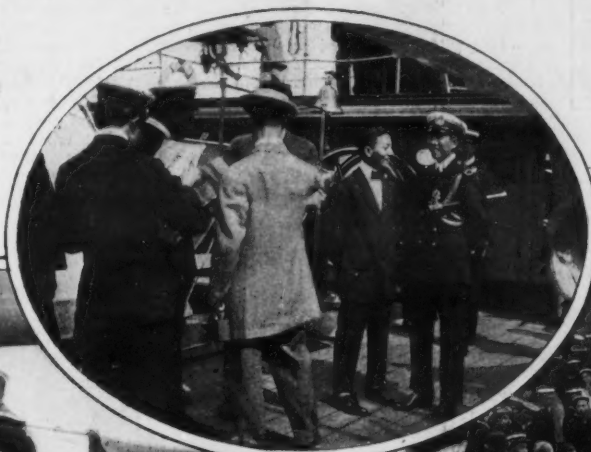
Some of the river steamboats in the parade

A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



THE Chinese navy grew out of the gaudy war junks of the past. A handful of Frenchmen built their first dockyard at Foochow in 1865, and four years later the first Chinese man-of-war was launched. But the strategy of the French annihilated the young navy. Undaunted, the Chinese ordered new ships abroad, and at the time their German-built torpedo craft were the fastest in the world. "Foreign devils" were called in to establish discipline and teach navigation, seamanship, and gunnery. According to Lieutenant McGiffen, who went from the American navy, the Chinese were "plucky, well trained, and full of zeal," but the admirals would play fantan with their sentries and pawn the guns when hard up. But with the modernization of the Chinese Empire the

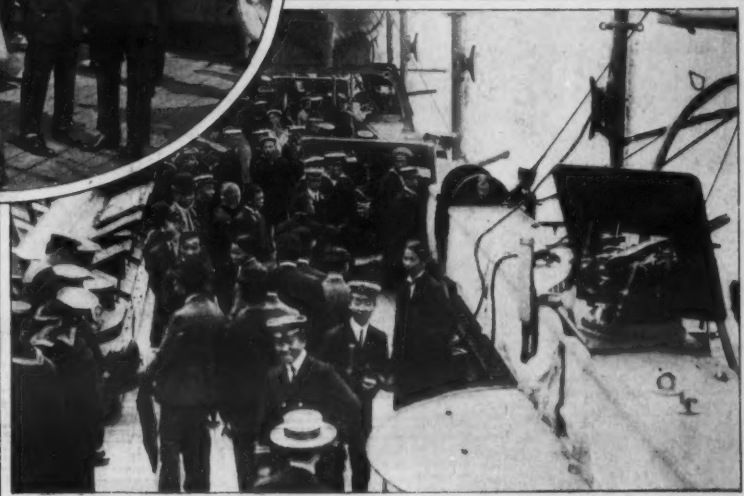
Rear-Admiral Ching Pih Kwang and the cruiser Hai Chi



navy has become more efficient. European uniforms have displaced the native costumes, and the dress of officers and men is similar to the British. The Chinese ships are spotlessly clean, the guns and machinery kept in fighting condition. The cruiser Hai Chi, built in England, is the largest ship in their navy, of great speed, and carrying for her size a powerful battery. The equipment is modern and includes wireless telegraph. Captain Ping K. Tong commands the ship and Rear-Admiral Ching Pih Kwang represented his navy at the Coronation review. The Chinese navy now consists of nineteen ships and several torpedo boats. The newest vessels were built in Japan for the patrol of the Yangtze River. One cruiser is now being built in the United States



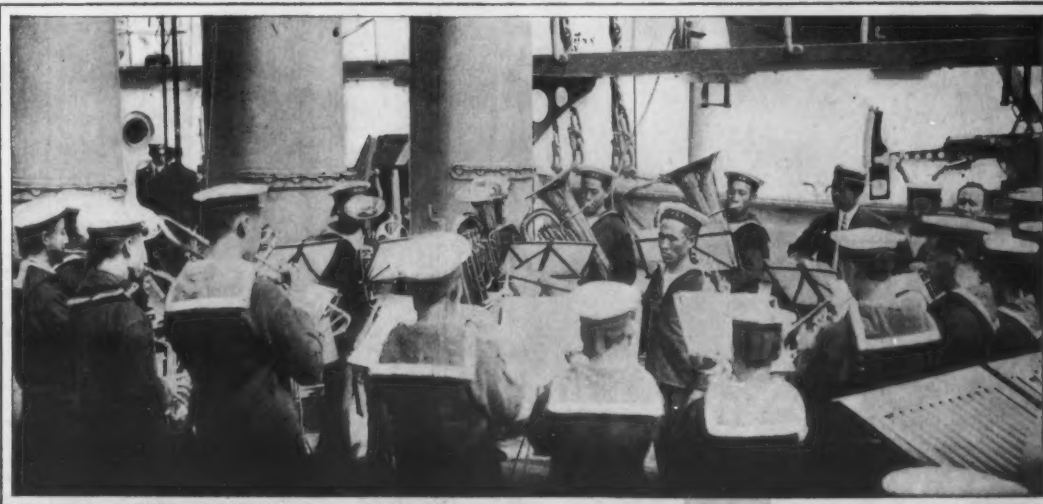
Chinese sailors of the Hai Chi



A delegation of Celestial merchants from Chinatown visiting the ship



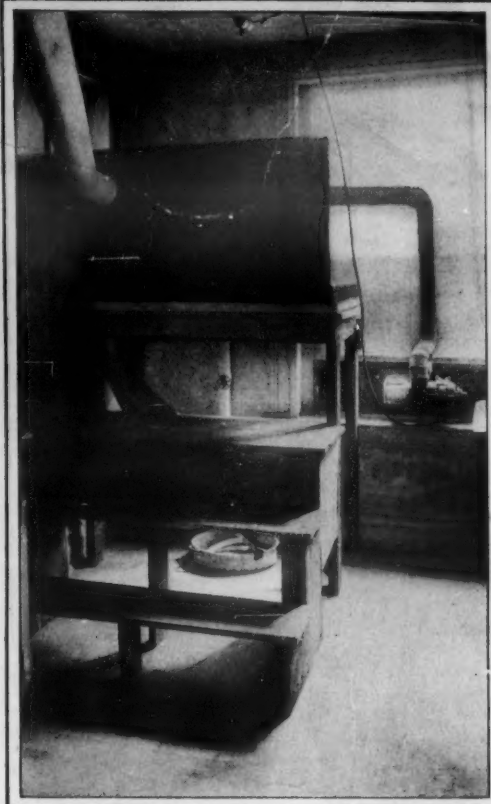
The stern of the Hai Chi



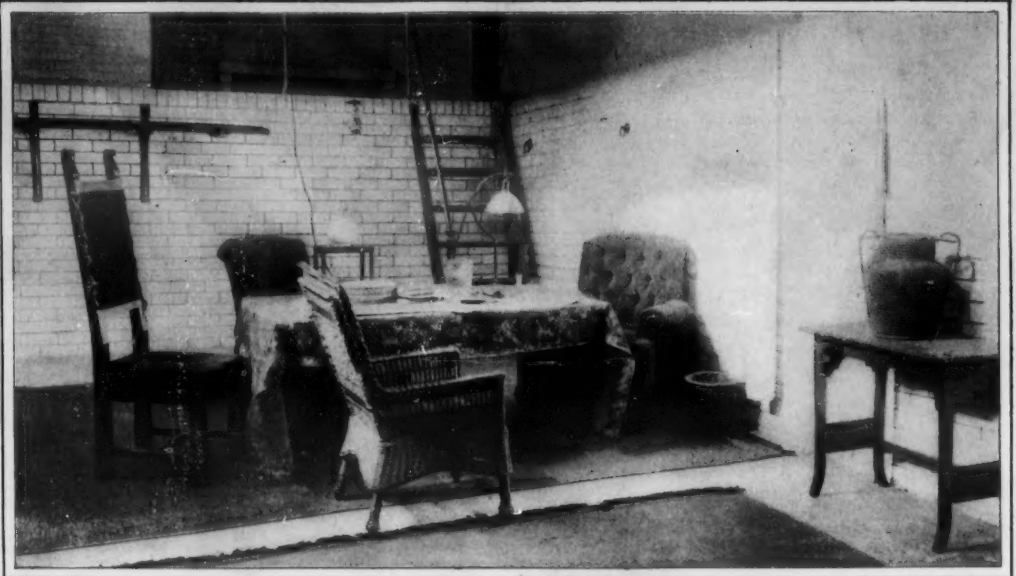
The ship's band of twenty-seven pieces plays American ragtime selections with great ease

The Hai Chi, the First Chinese Warship to Arrive in New York Harbor

Sept. 23



Here is shown the motor and pipe leading from outside through the ice-box to the cooled room



The room in which Professor Bell introduced the pipe (seen at the right) which kept the thermometer below 62° all summer

Professor Graham Bell Invents an Ice Stove to Cool Houses in Summer

PROFESSOR Alexander Graham Bell has recently invented and constructed an apparatus for cooling dwelling houses in summer at a small cost. It has been used with much success in the inventor's study, where the thermometer, throughout the whole summer, has never registered higher than sixty-one degrees. On the window ledge is set a small fan, about six inches in diameter. It is moved by a tiny electric motor attached by a wire to an electric light socket. The fan is enclosed in a casing. Under the lower sash of the window is set a board in which is a two-and-a-half-inch hole. A short pipe connects this hole with the encased fan, thus supplying pure air from outdoors. Another pipe runs from the fan casing to a large wooden box, about three feet high and broad, and about four feet long. In this box are cakes of ice. From the opposite side of the box from that wherein the pipe from the fan enters, another pipe leads off to the apartments to be cooled. When this service pipe reaches the room to be cooled—coming through the wall—it runs down on the inside to within about three inches of the floor, where it ends, the end being open



Loading offshoots at Biskra and planting them in California



Above is seen a portion of the U. S. Government Experiment Station showing the secondary crop planted between the date palms; to the left is a date orchard in the Sahara Desert, and to the right a view of a 9-year old tree near Phoenix, Arizona

Date Culture, a New American Industry

THE importation of eleven hundred offshoots of the choicest date palms obtainable in Algeria and Tunis marks the development of the American date culture from an interesting experiment to a great industry. More than twenty acres of land in the Coachella Valley, California, were planted in dates from this shipment, and as the offshoots were scientifically packed in moss, they withstood the long journey successfully and are thriving in their new home. For many years the United States Government has practiced date culture on a limited scale at experimental stations in Arizona and Southern California, and it was found that the fruit could be brought to perfection in the Coachella Valley. After careful study of the work being done by the Government, a group of capitalists secured land in that vicinity and sent an expert to Africa to bring back the date palm offshoots. The trees are planted in rows well apart so as to allow for cultivation of the ground while they are growing. Cotton will be planted in connection with dates, although other date growers are planting the fig and the Jordan almond, both of them highly profitable and both easily cultivated in connection with the date. At their second or third year the shoots will begin to produce, and by the fourth year they will be bearing forty pounds to a tree; and so on up to the eighth year until the crops are one hundred pounds or more. As the life of the palm is exceedingly long, extending over hundreds of years, and as the trees keep on bearing heavily for an indefinite period, it can be seen that a date grove, once it is well started, can be as profitable as a gold mine

Next Republic,—Spain

The Popular and Democratic Personality of King Alfonso is the Greatest Obstacle

By VANCE THOMPSON

WHAT is plainest in Europe to-day is the steady surge of social revolution. Even in conservative England it is quite unmistakable—though in southern Europe there may be more foam on top of the tide and more mud at the bottom.

And this is interesting; it is a serious sign of the times. A few years ago a man could not go out of an evening without being asked to read the palm of his hostess, tell fortunes with cards, or hypnotize the upper housemaid; those were frivolous days; to-day the caller is set to discuss Socialism, the gulf streams of finance, and the trade winds of commerce, which are tumbling down the thrones of the world. It is in the blood of all nations—this impulse to upset the equanimity of things. When this impulse rises from the underworld it makes for red, purgatorial crime—as when the late Don Carlos was murdered in Lisbon. He was a huge man, mountaineously fat, with the shame of baldness and a purple face, but he died facing his assassins, and his unexpected heroism made safe (at least for a little while) the throne of Portugal.

Regicide is unscientific. It doesn't really do what it sets out to do. The next Portuguese revolution—as you know—was quietly arranged in London and Paris by aged and unimpassioned financiers; it worked like clockwork; the army and navy received their wages from new paymasters; the little king scurried away to safety; idealists made speeches; politicians got themselves elected to office in the new republic; the rather dusky and dark-hued democrats of Portugal had come into their own.

That was a creditable revolution, although it lacked tragic dignity. It meant much for the republican movement everywhere in Europe. It stirred up the revolutionists of all lands. Above all, it fired the hopes of those unfailing republicans of Spain. They tried the same thing; they are trying it to-day—with what success you shall see. Sooner or later they will succeed, for the perfect reason that the republicans have drawn their recruits from all classes. Of greatest importance is it that they have waked up Sancho Panza. Of old Sancho Panza tilled his fields; he was patient, still, laborious; peaceable as an ass chewing a thistle; now the thistle he chews on is revolution.

In his quiet way he is more dangerous than the Anarchists who threw fifty bombs in the last three years in one Spanish city. Revolts are made in the towns. The men of the fields make the great revolutions.

The Tribunal of Humanity sits in Paris. It is a self-constituted body made up of many eminent men from all parts of the world. Tolstoy was of it as honorary member, and Björnson. To-day it includes such violent peace lovers as Frédéric Passy; internationalists like Muezzin, the Rumanian Marcou, the Italian Novicow, old Senators like Noquet, and writers, scientists, "advanced thinkers," revolutionists from every edge of Europe. These are the men who weep over Armenia, who make pathetic gestures when things happen in Macedonia, who have told the world what things are done to the Jews of Red Russia. They are the makers of public opinion. Almost all the labor organizations and Labor publications are loyal to their way of thinking.

The League of the Rights of Man fights under its banner. The General Confederation of Labor is a vast amorphous body, of which it is the thinking head.

The Tribunal of Humanity tries the peccant nations as a night judge tries the noctambulists, bad husbands,

watch takers of great cities. It passed judgment on Turkey's ruler; and Abdul Hamid's day was done. It condemned Don Carlos to death, and he died with the obese heroism of which you have read. It declared a republic in Portugal; and that thing is. Behind every recent uprising of Demos there has been the might of this strange tribunal. Do not think, for a moment, that these humanitarians are mere flighty lovers of rebellion—mere dreamers moved by a love for the humble man, who is oppressed—

To be sure, they have drawn their recruits in all lands from students, boyish idealists, young lovers of liberty, girls who knew how to die for something they did not understand; but the eminent men of the tribunal are full of far-seeing thrift. When they blew up the fires of revolution in Portugal the amazing notice was sent out from Paris: "Holders of Portuguese bonds have nothing to fear!" History records no such overwhelming declaration of independence. Beside it that of 1776 seems vapid and pale. I can see those heroic (but dark-skinned) Portuguese marching out, crying: "Soldiers! Away with hollow and exploded Utopias! Let us fight, conquer, die for the safety of our bond issues and the stock markets of Paris and London!"

Now the Spanish revolutionists have been given the same inspiring battle cry. The great powers—I mean Bourses of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London, Milan—have heard the glad tidings: "Holders of Spanish bonds have nothing to fear"; and the revolution is on.

Demos is a lazy giant; he sprawls afiel and it takes a deal of prodding to get him up. For the last few years the international propagandists—these lovers of humanity and respecters of safe finance—have been roaring in his ear and beating him about the head. Twice he has stumbled to his feet, yawned, struck out blindly and fallen asleep again; but to-day again Demos is up. Even the sixth day of this

month he made a demonstration—in bloody Barcelona. What he demanded was the abolition of the death penalty. That was a perfectly logical demand. Until that beastly law is done away with the modern revolutionist cannot save his country with safety, convenience, or delight. Look at Morral and other martyred bomb throwers!

In organizing the Spanish revolution the old republican revolutionary leaders, like Zorrilla and Alejandro Lerroux, did the speech making; and nothing happened.

Then wiser leaders went to work. Most of them were in Paris. They got into touch with the labor unions of the larger Spanish cities and brought them over to the revolutionary movement. They began the far more dangerous propaganda among the peasants of the villages and fields.

One illustration is worth a deal of comment; by studying for a moment the career of that extraordinary adventurer, Ferrer, you get a fair view of a revolution in the making.

This Francisco Ferrer was a man of lowly birth, shrewd, fascinating, a rhetor, a lion among ladies. He got into revolutionary circles as secretary for the old leader, Ruiz Zorrilla, and fled to Paris. He made friends with the Anarchists; he made a closer friend of a poor old dame. She was devout, mystic, a Christian of medieval simplicity. The handsome Anarchist outdid her in piety, in mysticism, in devotion. So great was her admiration for his religious fervor that she willed her ample fortune to him; and died. When that happened there was laughter—Gargantuan, rib-shaking—



The two forms of republican protest which have been in frequent evidence in Spain



Will They Rule or Will They Vote?
Queen Victoria of Spain and the children
of King Alfonso



King Alfonso in various moods

among the revolutionists. Ferrer found himself a great man, a popular man. He was sent back to Spain, entrusted with an important part of the work of propaganda. The battle he waged was against religion and against society; that is, his special kind of advanced thought was atheism and anarchy. He established in Barcelona a "modern school" for training men and women to go out in Spain as missionaries of these ideas. He set up a printing house whence the literature of revolution—translated out of all languages—was sent forth. And the work spread. Immense credit will always have to be given to this blithe, immoral adventurer for doing for the Spanish revolution what Tom Paine (a more conservative man) did for a revolution of loftier aspect.

An Obstacle Removed

AMONG his teachers were two young people, Matteo Morral and a girl of great beauty, Soledad Villafranca. They were betrothed in their anarchistic way. Ferrer fell in love with her. The only thing that stood in the way of what he thought was perfect happiness was the existence of young Matteo Morral. See now how the long arm of coincidence reached down to remove that obstacle to the gray anarchist's joy of living. May 31, 1906, as the young King of Spain and his bride were driving down the Calle Mayor, Matteo Morral threw a bomb from an upper window. The King escaped, but Morral went to his death. Ferrer was tried as an accomplice, accused of having sent the young anarchist to do the work, but was acquitted. Soledad, of great beauty, became his "companion." (Incidentally, Ferrer left an old wife and three half-grown daughters to poverty and desertion.) Together the loving companions wayfared darkly

through Spain, distributing literature, founding "modern schools"; above all they perfected the organization in Catalonia. As a result Anarchists became as common in Barcelona as white umbrellas. "Citizen" Moreno of the General Confederation of Labor, Barcelona branch, got into line the workers of that industrial city. Bombs exploded every day or so.

Then the red flags appeared in the streets. Demos had been prodded up. That was the Catalonian insurrection. You know the story. Bleating fiercely, the lambs of revolution were driven up against the guns of material order; were scattered; fled away, leaderless, amazed. The "Bloody Week" was over. There was still a king on the throne. Only here and there lay bloody corpses—the poor dupes of revolution. Not a leader was wounded, not a chief was found.

Then a strange thing came to pass. The press of Paris, as of all European capitals, declared that Ferrer had never been in Spain during those days—he was in Belgium—he was in England—the peaceful man had been with his deserted daughters in Paris—

The Tribunal of Humanity had reached out its protecting hand.

Meanwhile the police had run the gray fox to earth at Calella. He was imprisoned, charged with fomenting the insurrection, with leading (from the rear) a group in the Rambla, with having fired the suburbs of Mesnou and Premia de Mar. Ferrer's defense was not heroic; he denied everything; he, the lion of revolution, the Anarchist who had thundered and boasted and worked at his destructive trade for a lifetime, declared he knew nothing of the wild doings of "Bloody Week," that he had come to

Barcelona to "see his sick aunt," that he was a harmless old schoolmaster with a pale love for abstract philosophy. This was poor stuff to make a hero of even in a financial revolution ("Holders of Spanish bonds had nothing to fear!"), but the internationalists accomplished the miracle. Not since the worldwide tumult of press and public meeting which brought back Captain Dreyfus from Devil's Island had there been an agitation such as that set on foot to save the life of Francisco Ferrer. You who were in America those days know what was done here; what I remember is those scenes in Europe, mad outcries in parliaments, articles, speeches by old Senators, old humanitarians of all nations, and notably 200,000 men storming through the streets of Paris. That was a mad night.

A Mighty Protest

DEMOS, drunk with wine and wrath, stumbled through the gaslit city. He roared like a blind lion. The Spanish Embassy was stoned. Lamp-posts were uprooted. Blood flowed. It was all that Ferrer might not die, that holders of Spanish bonds might not lose heart. What I shall remember longest is the great Tribune Juarès marching ahead of this night-mad, wine-mad, dream-mad throng. (The great Juarès marched ahead; his huge, short body—for Juarès is all abdomen and mouth—swayed on his stumpy legs; sweat ran, discolored, down his purple face; his collar was torn away, showing his hairy neck; gesticulating with his arms, he chanted:

"We'll string up the last king
In the intestine of the last priest.")

A mighty protest, world-wide; and in the face of it Spain led out the unheroic anarchist and made a

(Concluded on page 26)

THE EDITORIAL: Past, Present and Future

The Reviving Interest in a Form of Journalism Which Our Newspapers Tend to Neglect

By TIFFANY BLAKE

EDITORIAL NOTE—This is the first of a number of articles supplementing Mr. Will Irwin's series on "The American Newspaper." In the "Editorial Bulletin" of last week we announced the publication in this issue of "The Confessions of a Managing Editor." The "Confessions" will appear in an early number; and we are printing below an article by the leading editorial writer of the Chicago "Tribune."

THE newspaper must justify itself as a responsible public institution, having most important civic, social, and political duties to perform. It cannot shirk these duties by falling back upon the mere sale of news. This very activity of news reporting necessarily involves the larger responsibilities of popular guidance, and it is the editorial that best serves to make journalism definitely directive and constructive. The readers of newspapers need the editorial. Newspapers themselves need it still more, for it is through the necessity of formulating editorial policy and maintaining positions on matters of public moment that a newspaper becomes morally self-conscious, becomes aware of its public responsibilities, becomes fit to serve its great purposes, not only as they are pursued through editorial utterance, but in every department of the newspaper.

It is tainting truth very slightly with rhetoric to say that the newspaper began as an editorial.

Strictly speaking, as we know, the newspaper began in the form of a news bulletin published at irregular intervals and as a minor enterprise or by-product of a stationer and printer. This was in the early seventeenth century. But in a century more the newspaper had taken on the editorial function, and in consequence had become a great power. This was accomplished not in the original news bulletin but in the evolution of a novel form, the "news-letter," of which we have a direct descendant to-day in the "special correspondence" in Washington or at some other center of important news.

The news-letter was the device by which the politicians and courtiers of the seventeenth century kept themselves informed through their dependents and friends of what was going on at court while they were abroad or on their estates. Later a man who wrote for one noble lord or gentleman undertook to write for several, and finally a genius anticipated the Associated Press by es-

The Evening Journal will be sent to any subscriber in the United States and Canada for 35 cents per month; \$1 for 3 months; \$2 for 6 months; \$4 per year.

Mrs. Wilcox on "Mental Healing."

We Print Her Views—But Do Not Endorse All of Them.
Copyright, 1911, by the New York Evening Journal Publishing Company.

In the last column on this page you will find our brilliant contributor and genius, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Her article criticizes the doctors of the regular scientific school, praises so-called "mental healing," and expresses the opinion that within a hundred years doctors will do all their healing with the power of thought.

Mrs. Wilcox's article is interesting, but we are unwilling to print it without a few qualifying comments.

The great poetess is right when she criticizes the doctor who, unable to deal with the neurotic young girl, makes of her a morphine fiend, to let himself out of his difficulties, takes money from the girl's father, and in return inflicts the most dreadful curse upon her.

SUCH A PHYSICIAN SHOULD BE PUT IN JAIL AND KEPT THERE.

It is true that the so-called mind healing, faith healing, Christian Science and other cures of the same kind produce admirable effects in diseases WHICH HAVE THEIR SEAT IN THE BRAIN.

The brain can cure diseases of the brain—such as are not physical diseases; that is to say, diseases affecting the tissues or physical substances.

Mind cures, faith cures, Christian Science by bringing into play certain forces of the mind can combat, and sometimes cure, illness caused by a weakened, disorganized mental and nervous condition.

It is in substance true, although a little harsh to say, that the modern mental healers "can cure any disease that you haven't got;" that is to say, that they can cure a disease which is entirely mental and largely imaginary.

It is untrue and dangerous to say that any mental healing can take the place of a skillful surgeon.

Thousands of children are made miserable throughout life be-

A Typical Editorial from the New York "Journal"

"Brisbane became the shop-girls' Addison. His editorials supplied the sole intellectual adventure of thousands."

establishing a bureau, hiring assistants and acquiring a subscription list.

Here began the profession of journalism.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century newspapers in our modern sense had been evolved, and journalism had drawn to its service the most brilliant literary men of the time. During the crucial constitutional struggle of the first part of the eighteenth century in England these men developed the "leader" or editorial proper, and through it exerted great influence as political writers. Swift, Defoe, Fielding, Addison, Samuel Johnson we associate only with our standard literature. Yet they were all practical newspaper men in the sense of their time, and Defoe was unquestionably the "star reporter" of his day—though he did not disdain to write editorials that got him into jail—an honor seldom won by his descendants of the craft in these inglorious days of a press triumphantly free.

During the persecution of the press in the reign of George III—who wanted to be "let alone" and sternly disapproved of "muckraking"—the character of the profession somewhat grievously deteriorated. But by the close of the century, when the American nation was coming into conscious life, the profession was once more in high-public credit and made use of pens no less famous than those of Coleridge, Southey, and Mackintosh.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the American newspaper was impressed from the first with the importance of the editorial, or that men went into journalism, not as into a business, but as into a particularly powerful and ambitious branch of the profession of letters, a calling unencumbered by the technical, business, and news organization of the huge newspaper of our time.

Such men were the "great editors" of the second and third quarters of the last century—Horace Greeley, Joseph Medill, Samuel Bowles, Dana, Raymond, Godkin, McCullagh, and Watterson, who is still with us.

This "great editor" of the era of personal journalism was a man whose main business was public affairs. He was, essentially and preeminently, a public man. The people listened to their parsons one day in seven; to their politicians even less often. But the editor preached to them daily, and his function was as well recognized as that of the preacher or politician, of which he was a most formidable combination.

The voice of this striking social figure was the editorial, and in his hands it enjoyed a kind of conspicuousness and prestige it is likely never again to attain. This was not solely because of the special genius of the great editor as writer or thinker, but also, and perhaps chiefly, because of the nature of his office and its place in the social and political life of the period. But there is also to be taken into account the fact that under the simple conditions of the old-time newspaper its editor was able to write almost always in the line of his own personal convictions, with all the tonic sense of his own direct accountability, and with full freedom to wreak his personality upon his literary form in all its whims, its inconsistencies, even its extravagances. This gave his work its gusto, its reality, its human appeal.

Certainly when he and his office de-

(Continued on page 35)



Henry Watterson

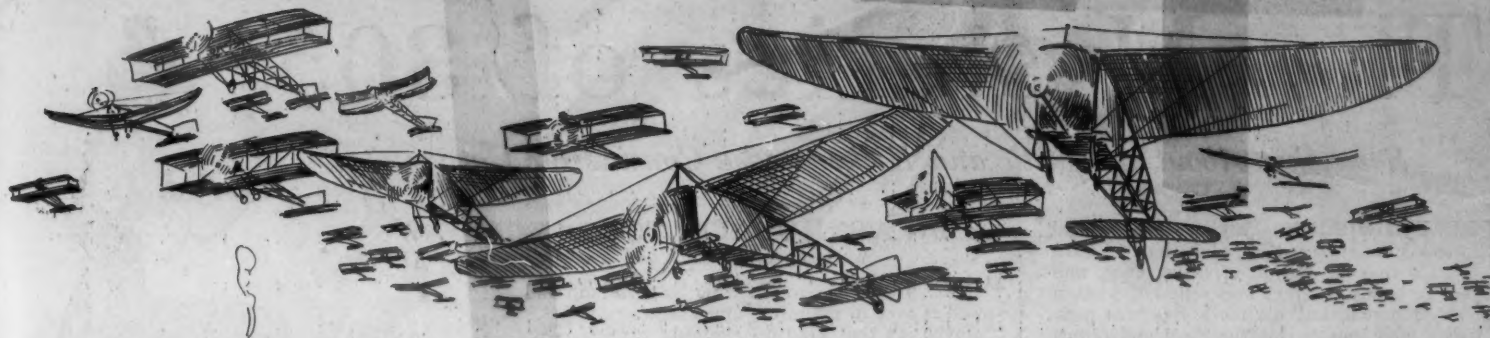
A great editor of the old school



Arthur Brisbane

Inventor of a new editorial form

Established the Associated Press by es-



The Newest Engine of War

The Aeroplane is the Greatest Power for Destruction Invented Since Gunpowder

By SIR HIRAM MAXIM

ALTHOUGH common black gunpowder was known in China more than a thousand years ago, it was never used as a propellant of projectiles until it was reinvented in Europe many centuries later, and its rediscovery did not lead to its immediate introduction into the military service. Even when guns were first made, the change from the old to the new system was very slow because the necessary appliances for working steel and iron were very imperfect. But eventually, as every one knows, gunpowder completely superseded the battering ram, the sword, the spear, and the bow and arrow.

A New Epoch

WE HAVE now reached the beginning of a totally new epoch in the history of the world. The history of mankind is the history of wars. As the old system was superseded by the invention of gunpowder, because gunpowder did something which could not be done by the older system, so it is with the advent of the flying machine. The flying machine is bound to supersede in a large measure our present system of warfare because with the flying machine we can do something that we can not do with guns.

The largest guns have a range of only a few miles, and the charge of explosives that they are able to drop is very limited, but with the flying machines which are already in existence it is possible to bombard an enemy's position at a distance of fully 100 miles, and instead of dropping a hatful of explosives, they are able to carry bombs which weigh fully half a ton, charged with explosives which have a disruptive effect greater than dynamite.

When a large town is well fortified and defended it is very difficult to inflict any damage with the arms now in use, because the fortifications are able to keep the siege guns out of range. But no amount of fortification, no matter how extensive, is the least protection against an attack from the air by flying machines.

If flying machines are a dead black in color, their presence can not be revealed at night by the strongest searchlight because the aqueous vapors and impurities in the air become so luminous in the path of the light as to completely screen dark objects beyond. Moreover, no number of flying machines would be able to protect a town against attack in dark or foggy weather by other flying machines.

On the water, hostile vessels are always on the same level and the velocity at which they are able to move is small as compared with that of a flying machine. Therefore a coast can always be defended against attacks by water if we have a sufficient number of war vessels at our command, but such is by no means the case with flying machines, because the flying machines are very small in size, they are only visible at short distances, they travel at extremely high velocities, and what is more than all, they are able to select the height at which they travel and change it at will, being able to rise or sink before a defending fleet of aeroplanes.

The first of these machines can be combated by having the effect of lifting effect considerably

the smaller nation is quite unable to inflict any damage on the stronger nation. But in future the smaller nation, well provided with military aeroplanes, will certainly be able to do a lot of damage before it can be completely subdued.

England has always depended upon her powerful fleet to defend herself against her bellicose and warlike neighbors; much has been said of the silver streak, and there has been a successful crusade against the making of a tunnel between England and the Continent of Europe. All of this will be changed inside of a few months—in fact, it is already changed, but it will require a few months for the new state of affairs to penetrate Anglo-Saxon heads.

Great improvements have been made in aeroplanes during the last two years and still greater changes will be made during the next two years, but we will not anticipate; we will only consider the subject from the standpoint of the present.

For the price of one British dreadnought the French could place on the field where Napoleon's army was encamped at Boulogne 1,000 aeroplanes, each of which would be able to carry a bomb charged with high explosives weighing 200 pounds. In the present state of the art 80 per cent of these aeroplanes would be able to reach London, drop the bomb and return to the point of departure in a few hours, and, at night or in foggy weather, not one of them would be observed; this would mean 800 bombs carrying 160,000 pounds of high explosives.

This is what is possible at the present moment, but inside of a year, at the present rate of progress, the French will have machines that will be able to carry half a ton of explosives from Boulogne to London and make two complete return trips in one night.

Essentially a Military Weapon

THE flying machine is essentially a military weapon. It is difficult to see how it can be used profitably for any other purpose, certainly it never can compete with railways and steamships. War at best is a very dangerous business, but this is understood, and with the flying machine it will not be less dangerous.

In our present system, however, the danger is confined to time of war; the profession of a soldier is quite as safe in times of peace as any other profession, but with the flying machines the calling of a soldier is not only dangerous in war time but also in a less degree in times of peace. This is witnessed by the fact that a large percentage of our airmen have lost their lives during the last two years.

But this will not always be so; the science of flight has advanced during the last three years much more rapidly than any other science that we know of. Mistakes have been made and many lives have been lost, but many of the cleverest men in the world are now working so busily on the problem that every day new improvements are sure to follow. The danger is due to the rolling action of the wings, which subjects the pilot to a very severe motion, and to the fact that the pilot is not yet able to control the machine with the same ease and accuracy as the pilot of a balloon.

The first of these machines can be combated by having the effect of lifting effect considerably

above the center of gravity, which is easily accomplished by raising the outer tips of the wings so that the machine has the appearance of a flattened V. With this arrangement, whichever side is the lower will lift the most, while the higher side will always lift the least.

There is still room for great improvements in the motor. The type most in use at the present time requires about half as much castor oil as gasoline.

The controlling apparatus is sure to be simplified and improved, and the gyroscopic action of the engine and propeller, which has caused so many fatal accidents, can be completely eliminated by the use of two engines and two propellers rotating in opposite directions. I think it is safe to say that the motor and the flying machine will within a very short time be sufficiently improved so that in the event of one motor going wrong the machine will be able to make some progress with the other motor and propeller.

Airship vs. Aeroplane

TEN years ago it was said in France that those who would navigate the air were divided into two distinct classes—the lighter-than-air party and the heavier-than-air party. It was claimed at that time that if a flying machine could be made, the balloon and airship would be completely useless because they would always be at the mercy of the flying machine. Now that we have successful flying machines, I think it must be evident to every thinking man that airships would be very easily destroyed by the smaller and much swifter flying machines. It is only necessary to prick the bubble and set the gas on fire to instantly destroy the so-called airship.

I think it will be obvious from the foregoing that the aeroplane flying machine is the most potent instrument of destruction ever invented.

In considering this subject it has been my aim not to exaggerate in the least—in fact, I am underestimating in every direction. These are the naked facts; they may be disagreeable—in fact, they are disagreeable—but they are facts that we have to face, and to hide our heads after the manner of an ostrich would be no protection to us. A new problem has presented itself to the world that we are forced to consider whether we like it or not.

The Bright Side

BUT is there not a bright side to this dark problem? At the present time wars are decided on by a relatively small group of men, none of whom has the least idea of placing himself in the fighting line. They are quite willing to send the common soldier to the front to become a target for the enemy, but as far as they themselves are concerned they keep their distance. However, when it becomes known that the palace of the emperor and the great public buildings will be liable to be attacked within a few hours of commencement of hostilities, will these despots be so ready to send their subjects to the front? Will they not rather consider the safety of their own families and the safety of their own property? Therefore, it is not the least potent instrument of destruction ever invented will ultimately lead to universal peace and prevent war altogether, at least among the highly civilized nations.

The Mysteries of 305

Somewhat About a Whistle and Kicker and a Considerate Cat

By ARTHUR COLTON

UNCLE BIDDLE was saying that he had worked once for a man who educated cats. "He took up a line of ducks once, and trained 'em to quack together and follow the baton same as an orchestra, but his main line was cats, and it wa'n't wide enough for the show and circus trade, and he went bankrupt on account of not being versatile, and I did a whistle and kick act in vaudeville, and then I went in with a circus, and the circus people sent me to Africa to look for unlikely beasts, and I married a girl named Molly Gilleray, and raised pigs and chickens that were high-bred but not educated, and then—"

"Well," said Uncle Biddle, after a pause, "speaking of Egyptian cats, I knew a man once named Tanner."



"I did a whistle and kick act"

We were sitting in a row in front of the warehouse on Jamaica Dock, looking at the sheen and dance of star reflections on the bay, and hearing the water lapping on the piles. Uncle Biddle smoked slowly. Now and then he pulled an odd or end out of the junk heap of his memories, looked at it, and dropped it back into the junk heap.

"What about Tanner?" some one asked. "Tanner! Oh! Well, that must have been when I was a whistle and kicker, and lived at 305 East Twenty-fourth Street. It was a peeled and scaly-looking house, and I lived on the third floor back. I was broke when I lived there. I was thinking of leaving vaudeville, because it left out too many meals and was loose on rent. The room wa'n't much of a room, but it had some points that I got fond of. There was cats in the back yard, sociable and talkative, and there was a good faucet.

"Speaking of the faucets, I come to see that was an uncommon faucet, and it come about in this way. Because I didn't have but a nickel one morning, and went to washing myself at the stand basin. I was thinking this was a sad and mystic world and no place to whistle and kick in, and while I was thinking that way, there came a clink and a spurt, a chuckle and chirrup, out of the faucet, cheery and yet sympathetic, and then there was a round, shiny ten-cent piece lying in the wash-bowl and looking up at me kind of surprised.

"Why, how de do!" I says.

"Then we contemplated each other a while.



"Tanner come to the door to know if I'd seen Isis"

"Here!" I says, 'I ain't said no incantation,' and I turned it over in my mind, and I says:

"Maybe it's that kind of a faucet."

"Then I let the water run, but it didn't leak any more dimes. I went and got a fifteen-cent breakfast. Now, there are breakfasts existing and current for that price that ain't bad. I've ate breakfasts for fifteen cents—why, take Randy Sullivan's restaurant that used to be on Whittle and Water Streets—"

"What about the faucet?"

"Hey?"

"Did it run any more dimes?"

"Well, yes, I got three more toward night. I was going to tell you about them breakfasts. Well, yes, that was a good faucet. It wa'n't a faucet you could bully or coax. And yet, if you studied it and humored it, it was a good faucet of its kind. It wa'n't like one of those Arab lamps you could rub, and get a jack-knife or diamond windows to the house, if you was an Arab and wanted 'em. Nor it wa'n't a steady faucet, and it wouldn't work before nine o'clock, or after six. Some days it wouldn't give me a dime. Then again I've known it to run eighteen dimes between 9 A. M. and 6 P. M. Sometimes it would throw two dimes to a jerk, and I've known it to run three. And then again I've turned her on and off all the morning and got no breakfast at all. And yet maybe in the afternoon she'd drop one every half-hour. Real provoking that way. But handled judicious she might run five to eight dimes a day.

"You'd think a man with a faucet like that ought to sit tight and give over restlessness of the mind. Seemed so to me. I argued to myself about it. I put up cases out of history. I says: 'Now, Biddle, take the woman with the gold-egged goose. What good did she get out of hunting up the origin, causes, reasons, explanations of them eggs? None at all. The rainbow vanishes,' I says, 'as we approach. Why go making inquiries, that may be indelicate, into the dark and damp secrets of the city water supply? Are you a reform committee of investigation? No. Have you tapped an underground pocket of municipal graft? What of it? You ain't a mere kicker. Biddle. You're a whistle and kicker. And what is a whistle and kicker? He's a broad-minded man, and a man given to charity and gaiety. There ain't any pedantry and precision about him, no vain punctilios. He's humane and liberal. He takes the world as he finds it. If a party acts friendly he don't ask whether he uses shoe-blackening with the union label; nor if the party turns out to be a disguised angel going to call on Abraham, he don't call the party a fraud. Not he! A whistle and kicker,' I says, 'can swallow a miracle like an oyster.' "And all the time I was making soothing statements, there was something kept buzzing like a mosquito in my mind. 'Where? Who? What? Why? Bzzzzzz!' says the mosquito. 'How in the nation,' says the mosquito, 'can an ordinary, pug-nosed, nickel and iron faucet work on the feelings of, or excite, induce, or persuade, any vagabond lead pipe to these here results?' 'Sh!' I says to the mosquito, 'let it alone! That's my opinion. Don't upset it! Don't worry it! Just let it alone!' I poisoned that mosquito. I sat on him till he was smothered. I argued him to death. I just accommodated the faucet. I let it go at that."

UNCLE BIDDLE was silent. Some one said: "I'd never have rested without knowing where those dimes came from."

"Jus' so," said Uncle Biddle. "Well, one time I had a little green snake from Senegal that started in swallowing his tail to see how far it would go. Wanted to know how it felt to be self-digested nourishment. Some such idea. Wa'n't nothing but curiosity. And he kept on swallowing till he was several layers thick, and tight and hard, and looked like a green lacquer napkin-ring. Well, what of it? Wa'n't any value in it. Why, he had to back out, didn't he? 'Course he may have got some information. I do know. But I knew a Came-roon ape that used to have rows with himself in the looking-glass—"



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

"What about a man named Tanner?" asked some one down the end of the row.

"Tanner? He never knew that ape!"

"We was speaking of Egyptian cats."

"Aye, to be sure!" said Uncle Biddle thoughtfully.

"She was Tanner's cat. It was when I lived on Twenty-fourth Street. Scaly-looking house, sort of peeled. She come scratching at my door one day, and I opened it, and she come in. By and by Tanner come to the door and wanted to know if I'd seen Isis.

"He was a blink-eyed little man, with a yellow face, very pleasant, but pointed like a section of custard pie, and wide on top, and there was a penholder in his hair. She was a whitish cat. We three got friendly.

"He said the nature of cats was the right clue to the mysteries of ancient Egypt. 'The spirit of Egypt,' he says, 'is repose, is meditation, is conservatism. The Egyptian,' he says, 'was deep. So is the cat. In the cat the Egyptian worshiped the incarnation of his own nature—subtle, sinewy, silent, sedate.'

"We got friendly on account of his theories and my having experience in educating cats and ducks, and he allowed there was something about the architecture of a duck that suggested Egyptian architecture, but, as respects its action and locomotion—that is to say—Well, I do know.

"Anyhow, his room was fourth floor front, but it run back two rooms deep and the whole of it was awash with print paper. He was a mighty educated man about ancient Egypt, and could read hieroglyphs like a spelling-book.

"Speaking of hieroglyphs, I'd rather have had a faucet leaking dimes for a mystery than the duck tracks and cat scratches that Tanner created into chaos and called his handwriting. I used to go up to his place mostly about noon. He was a writing man. He wrote about Egyptians and gnostics. Gnostics was gay boys. You spelled 'em with a g. The way he'd planned that work on ancient religions, he must be at it still and going on ninety. It was a long prospect, and his progress was jerky. Sometimes he'd begin to clutch his hair, and he says:

"My mind is congested!" he says. "Divert me, Biddle, divert me!"

"Then I'd get up and do the whistle and kick act, and he says he discovered traces of ancient religious rituals in it. Maybe he did. It wa'n't the kind of piety I was brought up in. And yet it seemed to ease his congestion.

"But mostly I'd sit with my feet on the window-sill.

"I recollect once I was sitting there, low in my mind on account of the faucet's not running affluence regular, and I thought of putting it to Tanner, and asking what he thought might ail a faucet of that kind. But I shied off, and I says:

"What ails Isis?" I says. "She ain't been to see me lately." I looks around and I didn't see Isis anywhere.

"Of late," says Tanner, and he stuck the ink end of his pen into his hair, which was a habit, and his hair being of a blondish color, it made his head look something like Roquefort cheese, sort of yellow and green.—"O late," he says, "I have noticed that the cat Isis takes her walks, not in the hall, but outside the window. You see the projecting ledge there which continues along the house wall to the east. Several times a day she treads this airy terrace. She disappears around the corner of the house. In due time she returns. Now, I have a premonition, a mysterious feeling. Something is, so to speak, going on. Is it Isis merely, her manner, her soft step, her intense se-



cretiveness, which is the source of this intimation? Who knows?

"Not me. I didn't know. There he sat gazing at mysteries, and by and by he mutters something about 'Hathor' (whoever that was) having a cow's head, and something about the fourteenth dynasty. 'Why,' he says, 'Flinders Petrie must be mistaken!'

"Sure!" I says. 'He was mistaken, Flinders was. He swapped heads with Hathor, and got off his trolley at the fourteenth dynasty.' But Tanner wa'n't paying attention.

"There I sits, looking over the toes of my shoes



"He stuck the ink end of his pen into his hair"

through the open window at the other side of Twenty-fourth Street, and the sun was shining balmy on the opposite panes of glass.

"Isis has gone after sparrows on the roof," I says. 'I've got a mystery can beat that.' But Tanner paid no attention.

"Then she come into the window past my feet. Isis, she come gliding, soft and noiseless, insinuating, calm, and polite. And she had a package hanging from her mouth, a pasteboard box, tied up with a red string, and the string hooked over her lower teeth, carnivorous or incisor.

"Why, how de do!" I says. 'Been looting?' I says, and I unhooked the box, and broke it open. There were figs on top, and then four chicken sandwiches with lettuce-leaves.

"Being lunch-time, Tanner and I ate the figs and sandwiches, and Isis sat down and licked herself sort of non-committal and calm, sort of the-world-is-a-bubble-and-life-is-in-vain-but-it-don't-upset-me. And Tanner looked at her and meditated.

"Speaking of calmness," said Uncle Biddle, after a long silence, "I recollect a female hippopotamus that got in the duck-pond, while I was being married to Molly Gilleray, and she nigh swallowed a duck. Well, when she coughed her out again, there was a duck's egg left in back of her champing teeth. Now, some said the duck must have been unusual calm by nature, because ducks don't lay eggs unless they're calm, and some said she must have got excited and forgot herself. Now, allowing, if it was calmness, it was unusual calmness. But then, I do know; I wa'n't there at the time."

Some one asked: "What about Isis?"

"Isis?"

"And the lunch?"

"Well—yes—but then she was more than calm! She was regular! Get her started in a habit and she'd stick to it like a screw to a hole. Take them lunches, for instance. After she'd took the habit, come along toward noon every day she'd be out on the ledge and gone around the corner of 305, and by and by, maybe in an hour, she'd come back with a package hooked over her incisors. Steady-going sort of a cat that way, something like the Egyptians. Only she varied on the make-up of the lunch. But mainly she run to chicken sandwiches with lettuce-leaves. She come handy to me too, because the faucet was acting shameful, and didn't run more'n a dime or two a day, and that mostly late in the afternoon. Only I'd got the promise of a job training trick beasts for a circus, and between Isis and the faucet and borrowing two dollars of a circus clown named Auntie Mirando for a mortgage on the first pay-day, I was just getting along. Speaking of Auntie Mirando, his right name was Anthony, or Antonio, or Antonino, or—I do know. But he wore polka dots on his clothes in the profession like the face of a clock, and was a man of sudden wraths, with a nick in his nose, and got into trouble in Kosiosko, Missouri, in 1873, by feeding straw hats to a camel in front of a hat store, because it was a hot day and he'd ate some cucumbers, and the hat man said—"

"What about Isis?" asked a voice in the dark.

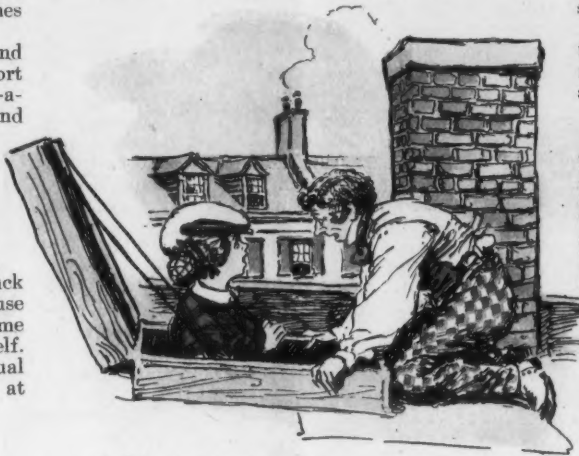
"I'd rather tell about Auntie Mirando," said Uncle Biddle plaintively. "Maybe I'll never think of him again. Claimed he never was born, he did, but erupted by a volcano in—"

"Where did Isis get those lunches?" persisted the voice in the dark.

"Well," said Uncle Biddle regretfully, "it struck me maybe she hooked them from shop-girls around on First Avenue, and

that gave me a qualm. It was intelligent, it was educated, but was it moral? Sometimes the lunch was slim. Sometimes there was a flower stuck in under the string. One time it come tied up with a blue ribbon in butterfly bow. But Tanner hadn't any curiosity. Same as me and the faucet, he stood off respectful.

"Biddle," he says, 'I've reflected much on these subjects. The right test of truth is value. For instance,' he says, 'in my own case I find frequently that my thoughts become congested, as it were, tied up. I can not proceed. I am in agony. I consult the ancients. What do they advise? I read in Porphyrius Nitor: "Know, if thy soul is locked, the key thereto is a swift sacrifice." Now, what does Porphyrius Nitor mean by "a swift sacrifice"? I ask. Observe what occurs. In the closet there projects upward, against the wall, the stump of a lead water pipe. Perhaps some former occupant, perceiving that water did not rise to this floor, sawed off, or dismembered, the pipe in vanity of investigation. Perhaps so. It is no matter. I had observed the phenomenon. One day in despair I pace the room. I raise my eyes. They rest on the closet and the water pipe. At the same moment my finger in my vest pocket comes in contact with a coin, a ten-cent piece, a dime. Divine coincidence! I remember the words of Porphyrius Nitor: "When the soul is locked make haste to sacrifice." I rush to the water pipe, I drop the coin down the water pipe. Observe! Immediately I am relieved. Notice that a dime will go in, a nickel will not. I keep a drawer full of these coins. I practise this method. Usually it succeeds in the end. Do I know how? The ancients say a god's life is propitiated; the moderns say, perhaps, thought suggestion, thought clotted like the blood, a sudden emotion dissolving the clot. What matter? The theory of the ancients seems obscurer in form, but profounder in content. In either case the process is this: First a state of distress, then a violent rushing at the water pipe, an impulsive gift, and behold! the relief within, the dewy freshness of the spirit. Is it not enough? The ancients say: "Profane not the secret arcana." Are



"When her head came up, there we was, nose to nose"

they not right? Life brings us results. The test of truth is not in origin, but value."

"I wonder where them dimes go to," I says meditative.

"And that, too," he says, 'is a speculation of interest. Another point has occurred to me. Why not a coin thrown with the same illuminating impulse through the window? Would it not have the advantage in ethics of benefit to the chance passer, the general public?'

"Well, maybe," I says. 'And yet, no! Not by any means! That is, looking at it on all sides, it don't seem to me likely to do as well.'

"I suppose you're right. No, it wouldn't. One would be apt to look out of the window after it."

"Sure to," I says.

"For this matter of Isis, my cat," he says, 'I wonder, I dream, I look into her eyes, I meditate. She comes and goes in her own still, mysterious way. She brings me food as the ravens to Elijah—a sandwich out of the unknown, figs of no origin. She feeds my body and soul at the same time. Shall I penetrate, disturb, perhaps put an end to her subtle ministrations? Do you advise it?'

"Not me. I didn't advise it. Seemed to me eating shop-girls' lunches wouldn't be morally the same as drawing graft from the city water-works, or from

Tanner's offerings for relief of congestion, same as a priest behind the altar might have done when Memphis was Metropolis and temples was tenderloin. Morals has got more kinks than an apple paring. Nor I didn't make out but what the faucet, when acting liberal, was as agreeable to me after I'd heard it was the outlet of Tanner's pious oblations as when I took it to be spitting mysteries. Likely not. I



"Isis has gone after sparrows on the roof"

wa'n't long enough at it afterward to say. I went off with the circus. Morals! Well, I knew a man that made a good living selling 'friendly mirrors.' He fitted you with a congenial mirror, same as a tailor with clothes. If your face was too short, or long, or lop-sided, or button-nosed, or aged, or whatever was the matter with it, he'd size it up, and bring you a mirror that moderated trouble, and padded and smoothed you out, and looked at you with charity and allowance, so you could start out mornings feeling: 'Well, shucks! I ain't so bad.' But was they moral mirrors? I do know. His name was Augustus Adams, and he came from Indiana. Morals is kinky. For instance, I see a woman looking through Tanner's keyhole one time, and when she see me she run up a ladder through the skylight in the roof. And yet what would Tanner care if she looked through his keyhole? His first name was Augustus, too."

UNCLE BIDDLE paused.

"Didn't you follow the woman?" asked some one in the darkness.

Uncle Biddle sat silently, and we heard the water lapping among the piles, and the distant chug of a steamboat going down the bay.

"Was they moral mirrors?" he muttered once or twice, and again: "Morals are kinky, and them mirrors was doctored. Well, I do know." And some one asked again:

"Didn't you follow her up that ladder?"

"Follow who? Oh! Well, no, I didn't. Speaking of ladders, though, I recollect, come the day I was leaving with the circus, I says good-by to Tanner, and coming out I see the skylight. Then it come to me to go up on the roof, and have a session of speculation on things in general. So I went up the ladder, and sat in the shadow of a chimney out of the sun, looking out over the roofs. There I was, and there was times to come with happenings in them, something like the top side of a city, numerous, and all them with the covers on. And I says to myself:

"Tanner's right! There's more advantage to a man in the things he don't know yet than in the things he does."

"And the more I thought of it the more I see it was a great thought. So I was pleased with myself and glad I'd come up there to do meditation. And while pleased I heard a rustle behind, and peeked around the chimney, and I see that skylight lady going down the skylight. Rather youngish, active, and good-looking she was; rather hefty, though, to go strolling on roofs and ladders, which was well enough for cats. But this one was tall, large, not fat, not exactly plump, and yet, as you might say, reasonably portly, and dressed like a lady.

"H'm!" says I. 'Ho!' says I, and slid over to the skylight and looked down. There she was again, looking through Tanner's keyhole. Well, there wa'n't anything in that. All she could have seen would be a section of wall-paper. Then she put her ear to it, and didn't seem to get any satisfaction of that either. She quit it and came back to the ladder; she heaved a sigh; she took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes, and started to climb. So I drew back a few inches from the skylight, but when her head came up, there we was, nose to nose.

"Why, how de do?" I says, and she says: 'Ow!'

"But she didn't fall off. I helped her up and she appeared to feel dizzy."

"Sit down and rest, ma'am," I says kindly, and we sat against the chimney in the shade, and I says: 'Now,' I says, 'lettuce-leaves in chicken sandwiches is a good wrinkle, and yet—'

"Ow!" she says with a jump. 'Are you Biddle?'

"Giving the illusion of green youth," I says, 'to chicken that might antedate the spring, and yet—'

"Nonsense!" she says, pretty sharp. 'The chicken was always tender.'

"Jus' so," I says. 'Hence I argue it follows your attentions are agreeable to A. Tanner.'

"Of course!" she says, still sharp. 'I'm his wife.'

"Well," I says, 'to be sure, some might argue it follows from that.'

"No, it doesn't follow," she says, sort of subdued.

"To be sure," I says, 'some might argue it doesn't. Anyway, I'd swap mysteries with you, ma'am, if agreeable. For instance, I says, and I told her about the faucet, and Tanner's congestion of the mind, till she perked up and began to laugh; then she shed some tears into a pocket-handkerchief.

"I'm an awful woman," she says, tearful. "I'm fussy! I'm a nagger! Oh, deary me! He has to go away from home all day to get along at all, and I have to come hanging around him in order to get along at all! I took a room over there and taught the cat. Oh, deary me!" she says; 'you see how it is?'

"Yes'm," I says. 'Consequently,' I says on reflection,

'if I was you I'd rent another room, namely, third floor back as faces the foot of the stairs. Which I am leaving the same at present. Because that faucet is a good faucet. Provided its health keeps fair, it ought to be able to hold down the rent, while as an instrument for taking the symptoms of A. Tanner it ain't bad either. When it runs dimes hard and feverish, it means he's congested in his mind. Diverting is what he needs, and, not to go into details, but, for instance,' I says, 'a firecracker exploded outside his door might do him good.'

"I believe I'll do that," she says, brightening up. "And then I left her.

"Well," said Uncle Biddle, "I never see 'em again. It was forty-odd years ago. I dare say Tanner's still making hieroglyphs, and Mrs. Tanner taking his symptoms through the faucet, and mailing him lunch by a fifth generation from Isis. I do know. It was a pleasant couple. He had green streaks in his hair on account of putting his pen there with the ink on it. Reminds me of Aunty Mirando's polka dots that used to run streaks on account of his hanging ice underneath; slung it by a string down his back; habit he had on account of the heat of his temper needing moderation. Well, he claimed he never was born. But, then, I do know."



The Serpent and Mr. Hendry's Heavens

The Call of the Brown Woman and a Plodder's Revolt Against Tradition

By STANLEY R. OSBORN

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS WIDNEY

IN ONOATOA it is believed that the heavens once muffled the earth like a bedquilt. Then the Serpent came and pushed the sky up with his nose, broadening the horizon and letting in sunshine and life. Onoatua is a speck of coral under the Pacific equator; of no consequence in this story, or anywhere else. But for all that, in the greatest centers of civilization, from the time of Mother Eve until the present day, it has been likewise generally believed that the Serpent has raised the heavens for many persons, and broadened their horizon, and let in motor cars and other desirable things, and made life nice and sunny and livable for them.

Anciently, when the sky was flat on Onoatua, men were so held down that they could be nothing but stones. Of modern times, in the cities, men are often so trampled that they are nothing but clods.

HENDRY was a clod. Worse than that, he was a clod who knew of a Serpent which could lift up his skies, but who felt that he must not open the box in which it waited. Thirty years he sat on the lid. For in Hendry's lineage was a Puritan divine of Massachusetts and a Continental general of Virginia. That is what made it so hard. Things would not have been so bad if he could have been just himself. But Hendry was a weak man with strong traditions.

In the beginning he had not wanted help to push up the skies. He was fresh from college, with social position, money, good habits, and a girl to marry him. He walked on air in those days and the heavens were so far above that he had no concern with them.

Hendry went into business, of course. It was a good enough business, the sort that gentlemanly young fellows with money went into. Hendry gave it great consideration. When it was going nicely he was to marry the girl. But, alas, such a time never came. Hendry was one of those men that follow you with daunted eye when you propose a new thing; that, having ventured upon the new thing at last, pursue it with plodding fidelity, day after day, year after year, until it is no longer new. But this they do not perceive for themselves. It follows, naturally, that Hendry, with painstaking care, lost his money in the new business. Equally of course, the girl went with the money. She was of the kind that requires a clod to be at least gilded dirt.

HENDRY was considerably shaken. But he allowed the photograph of the girl to remain on his bureau—it always had been on his bureau—and got a place to keep books for the time being. He kept the "E's" and the "F's" very neatly in the big books and assured the lone aunt with whom he lived that better times must come. But he had lost his capital and, what was more important, he had lost his nerve.

When the aunt died, leaving Hendry sole custodian of the Massachusetts and Virginia traditions, he went to live in a furnished room and to eat in a restaurant with fifteen hundred human beings. Hendry did not know any of the human beings. He had fallen away from his old friends, for he could not keep up appearances among them. The traditions made him slow to form new acquaintances. They would also have kept him from deliberately trying to marry money, if such an idea had ever entered his head. Otherwise he could not marry at all. He had come to see that his earnings would never be more, possibly less; and felt himself hopelessly beyond the pale.

This sort of thing may not have been so bad while Hendry was all youth and hope and liver. But the hermit life is wholesome and satisfactory in the desert places only; it is no such thing in town. There he has little light or air, and even the pilgrims do not stand around and admire—the profession is overcrowded, like everything else. Hendry's cave was in the bottom of a sixteen-story pile of brick and stone. Here he sat until his eyes grew red and blinking in the daily gaslight, and his hair stood gray and starred upon his bony temples. Here he bent over his books until it seemed to him that the whole of the sixteen-story pile used to rest on his shoulder-blades. But he did not complain. He held the weight dumbly till closing time, and listened to the crunch-crunch of feet on the pavement, and wondered how soon he would lose the right to the little cave and what would happen then.

THE skies being thus both leaden and low, Hendry would get out the box in which his Serpent lived and peer in to see how it did. It was not at all a large serpent; it did not fill the box. If you had looked in, as Hendry did, all you could have seen was the photograph of a Brown Woman. Even she was second-hand serpent, and nobody in particular. The real snake was mental snake.

This picture was called "A South Sea Island Belle," and she had been brought to Hendry by a college friend.

"She comes from the isles of peace," the traveler had said. "Sometimes there is sunshine, sometimes rain; but always there is peace. You lie in your hammock and breathe it in. The leaves rustle, the sun is on the sea. Strife and bitterness and defeat—they are gone in the breath of the wind, the croon of the surf, the drift of light and shadow on the dreamy isle across the bay. It is the place of weak men, wrong men, broken men—of men that can not meet the world. One by one they come slipping to its shores. They are wrecks upon the sands of time; but the sands are warm, and the stress of sea is far

behind. They are lost, but they are lost in the sunshine of peace."

This, then, was the Serpent that Hendry kept. Not an imposing snake for Hendry in the pride of youth; but for Hendry, shivering under the fog and the spit of the leaden sky, oppressed by the gloom and the crash of the street cañons, waiting, lonely, amid a million souls, it was a fine upstanding Serpent.

So the poor man always sighed regretfully when he closed the lid down again on the Brown Woman. In the box with that reptile he kept the picture of the Girl. They had come into his life at about the same time, these two. They had never been rivals, but, oddly enough, as the influence of the Girl waned, the influence of the Brown Woman had grown and grown till the Serpent bumped its nose loudly under the lid on which Hendry sat.

HE HELD on with melancholy resolution, however, though, for his own part, he would have preferred to slip away somewhere and hide his head. But the Massachusetts and Virginia traditions said: "No!" They had ruined his life so far, and they required the rest of it. They said: "You, a Hendry, can not do this thing. You can not barter the birthright of the Caucasian and of the Hendry—pride of race and dominance and strife—for a few paltry years of rest." Hendry saw that he was to keep on for the sake of the old brownstone mansions, the clubs, and the somber church wherein they remembered his name and had forgotten that he was alive.

But one day, a howling, sleety day, Hendry rose up tremulously and faced the traditions. He threw his pen down upon the fair page before him and made a great black blot. And as the ink slowly spread, he spoke these words, saying:

"I will go away. I will go where I can see the sky the whole distance round, and the sun shines, and there is real air and no ventilation, and nothing over my head but leaves. And I will sleep as long as I like, and rest my eyes, and never have to grind in this dark hole or want money or a collar again. And when I am hungry I shall pick the fresh fruits from the tree, and not herd into a restaurant to smell week before last's tomato soup. I'll go where only the best chiefs can afford to keep a white man, and my name will be George John Smith, and I'll commit moral suicide, and marry the chief's daughter, and be somebody. And the people will get out of my way and smile and salute me, and I shall be a parasite on an inferior race, and die beloved and unknown among a happy brown people, and where's the harm?"

SAYING this, Hendry closed the books, and went away; and in the morning a stranger had come to wonder about the blot and to listen to the grinding of the feet. He was a young man and liked the sound. It made him cheerful.

Far away George John Smith sat in a Pullman car and, as he sat, pored over Hydrographic Office Chart No. 1,500, in which are set forth the islands of the sea, and read in a book. The book was Stoddard, and it was full of sunshine and waterfalls and ideality and penniless happy days; the book of books, in fact, for Smith.

"Honolulu is too white," said the traveler. "Tahiti is too French. But Samoa is in the heart of things. I will go there and make my start."

HENDRY sailed in the first cabin. He would need money no longer when he had found the Brown Woman, and she was now close at hand. He would be a gentleman again in a hesitating, half-forgetting way for this one last time. He lay on deck, and the salt air of a thousand miles as it touched his cheek was good. His half-closed eyes looked down upon the warm waters, not up to the grinding heels. He was like the moth when it comes from the cocoon. He was not at all a gay moth, but he had been in the cocoon a long time, and even he caught a little of the new joy of living.

But that was on the steamer, where he lay under no need to act. When the time came to step down into the world of the Brown Woman, to take up the new life, he was at a loss, his heart failed with misgivings. He had a sensation of guilt, a fear that this Brown Woman, who crowded around him at the landing with beads and fans, knew what he was about.

WITH a sigh of relief he found his hermit self safe alone at last with his proper old sewed-leather trunk in quiet rooms over a shop in Mata-fele, where the shopkeeper, a widow, sheltered an occasional globe-trotter. He put the Serpent and the Girl on his table—he could not have kept house without them after all these years—and lingered over his unpacking till he could pretend no longer that there was anything more to do. Then he put his hat on grimly, stiffened his lean shoulders, and descended to the street, where he stood looking up and down the way.

"I must begin somewhere," he said at length. "I suppose I may as well go and—get drunk."

And he did. Hendry was not a drinking man. The traditions, of course, had forbidden it. He himself had been afraid it would get into his hands and show in the tyrant books. But as he had faded in body and spirit, an odd, wistful envy had come upon him. Many a time he had stood peering in at these drunken men. He had seen that they could be brave and gay, that they could forget.

SO HENDRY forgot. But if he forgot overnight he remembered in the morning with additional pain. He was miserable and ashamed. He could not bear to go down to breakfast and face the Widow, a decent, kindly woman. Theoretically, he should not have cared, seeing that he had abjured the white race and taken up the brown. But he did care. He saw that the world had moved apace since the Serpent had come into his hands. The glaring macadam street looked hard and businesslike. It was a trying background for the beachcomber.

Hendry did not like that word. When he had watched a hundred combers roll lazily up the sands and melt to nothing and leave no trace that they had ever been, he shrank from the grim humor of the designation. Moreover, Chance, in furthering the jest, led him in a dilapidated native thatch upon the filthiest wretch among all the beachcombers of many a day. Flies crawled upon his bloated flesh and crowded the corners of his bleary eyes as he whined and fawned upon Hendry with a fiction of reverses.

Hendry looked at the creature and shuddered. Could this sullen carrion ever have been a man?

He gave it two shillings and came away. Later he saw it lying drunk, and no one, not even the Brown Woman, appeared to care that it lay in the rain.

The starched traders sneered at the beachcomber, not because of the Brown Woman, for many of them were married to her, but for the reason Hendry had thought to leave behind—that the beachcomber did not possess the starch. When the Widow asked him about the Serpent and the Girl, Hendry winced. The Widow herself was one of the starchiest traders on the beach. He told her frankly about the Girl and the lost fight, but when it came to the Serpent he could not tell. "She's just a fancy picture a man gave me," he faltered. "I'm looking round, you know," he added; "if I find a good place I may open a shop."

WHEN Hendry paid his board bill at the end of the second week he had one shilling left. He went upstairs and put the shilling before him on the table and stared at the painted wall.

There was nothing wrong with the Brown Woman; he had found her nearly all that he had dreamed. He could go away and find a place where the white

But as he sat, there came the sound of a footstep on the stair and the voice of the Widow, saying: "Mr. Hendry, I have the lamp. May I come in?"

THE light shone on her round, kindly face. It also fell on the last shilling. Hendry, suddenly aware, put out a concealing hand, a movement that was full confession. But he was too late. For the Widow saw, and, standing by the table, looked down at him in silence, a little smile quivering her lip. When at last she turned away, a tear glistened on her eyelash.

"Is it the very last one?" she asked.

A slow flush mounted to his temples. "I must go away," he said. "I must go away, to-morrow."

"Mr. Hendry," she said, "I should like you to know that I, also—my husband and I—fled from the northern cities, the struggle for warmth and food and light. We fled, poor Dick and I; we were not strong enough to stay. 'Twas almost our last shilling, too, that brought us here. But while Dick lived we found happiness enough. We did not ask too much; only a little of sunshine, a little of rain, a little of life in peace."

"Mr. Hendry, I have grown to know something of men. I have seen them come and seen them go, human sheep and human wolves. They call me here, as you know, 'The Widow.' It is my rank and title. The advice of the beach for such as fall into trouble is: 'Marry the Widow.' The little shop is prosperous, and many have tried, but I"—the Widow laughed—"I have small love for such as come to court a certain shop and fixtures. I do not wish to be invoiced among the fixtures."

"I must go away," he said dully. "You do not understand. It is the last shilling, as you said. But you do not know why I came. To-morrow—"

THE Widow reached out for the picture of the Brown Woman and tore it in pieces. "Mr. Hendry," she said, "I do understand. I have had two weeks to learn—two days would have been enough. I understand it all. I know what life has been for you. I knew that first night you were no drinking man. I knew why your name was Smith, not Hendry. The pity of it has wrung my heart. I knew you could not do this thing you planned. A drunken sailor, a runaway bank clerk—yes; but you—no. You are a gentleman, honorable and true. In all your trouble, when you have let slip one life and have fallen short of the other, you have not even once looked at me and my little shop."

"I must go away," he repeated.

"Mr. Hendry," said the Widow, "do not go."

HIS head sank between his trembling hands. He had been so desperate, so shaken. Life had seemed so hopelessly a wreck. And then, in that moment of desperation, to find new life and hope and happiness and love!

He fought for courage and self-control, and as he fought there came to him from the dark waters the song of a boatman, true and strong. Hendry raised his head and stiffened his lean shoulders. He, Hendry, who had failed, was honored for what he had tried to be.

His heart took up the song from the darkness. Some one cared; and he, too, could be brave and strong.

"In all the world," he cried in sudden passion; "in all the lonely, bitter years, you are the first to understand—but you are enough."

The Serpent had given the heavens just one good boost.

Then the salt-sea breeze got under and puffed them up fine and fair, and the Serpent crawled away to bask in the sun.



"I must go away. You do not understand. It is the last shilling"

The Theatres Again

New Plays of a Season Which Promises to Be Interesting

By ARTHUR RUHL

BEFORE mentioning plays, I must salute the little program at the Playhouse Theater. Among things which seemed old and imitative, here was something both new and good. The ordinary theater program is full of reading matter that nobody wants to read; it smears gloves with printers' ink, and of the thirty per cent (experts have figured this all out) which are not left under the seats, a considerable portion is flung aside to add to the litter in the streets. Mr. Brady provides a neat little bit of cardboard folded once, exactly like a dance card. On one of the inner faces is the cast, on the other the theater's announcements. There are no advertisements, and if you do want to take it home, you can slip it into your pocket as easily as an envelope.

If the repertoire company, which he intends to establish, is as well worked out as this little program, "The Playhouse" will be a distinct addition to our theaters. Miss Grace George is to lead it. Beginning in October with Mr. J. B. Fagan's "The Earth," which had a long run in London, it will present, with frequent changes, and no run longer than three weeks, other contemporary comedies and "revivals of the more notable works of Shakespeare, Congreve, Lytton, and Molière."

"A Gentleman of Leisure"

"THE PLAYHOUSE" began its preliminary season with "A Gentleman of Leisure"—a farce by John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse—the same Mr. Wodehouse several of whose short stories have lately appeared in COLLIER'S. A young man goes burgling on a bet, and gets into the house of the girl he has just been flirting with on a North Atlantic liner. Her father happens to be police commissioner. It is lively and amusing for two acts, and sags in the other two.

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks is the amateur burglar, and he continues here with undiminished breeziness his impersonation of a rather flip type of "wholesome young American." He does it well, but now that he has won the privilege of dressing himself de luxe, taking curtain calls and being accepted as a star, he might well begin to moderate a bit the nasal vociferousness of what a singer would call his attack. He could be just as "wholesome" and at the same time a little more urbane. The same criticism was accurately, if unconsciously, expressed by a lady in front of me, who, after whispering to her somewhat uninterested husband her admiration of the contour of Mr. Fairbanks's mouth, declared aloud that *she* thought he was better than George Cohan.

"A Single Man"

URBANITY and decorum are what one expects—and gets, of course—at a John Drew play at the Empire. "A Single Man," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, the author of "The Mollusc," is a typical play of this kind. A literary man—English, of course—age forty-three, suddenly wakes up to the fact that he ought to fall in love and get married. So he becomes engaged to an absurd little butterfly—daughter of Lady Somebody, in the same country neighborhood—and only after he has grown desperate in a wild attempt to make his imaginative enthusiasm for youth fit with his own middle-aged reality does he awake again to the fact that the intellectually sympathetic, efficient, and beautiful typist, with whom he has worked day after day for five years, adores him and that he cannot live without her.

The experienced theatergoer will see at once the opportunities for graceful sentiment and pathos, mild satire, and agreeable villa atmosphere which the characters and situation supply. Like all true stage literary gentlemen, this one wears only the most beautiful and expensive clothes, drinks champagne with his dinner, is invariably served by awe-struck and velvet-footed slaves, and tosses off with-

out the slightest mental effort, in casual intervals which the audience never sees, everything, from successful novels to profound treatises on fossils and sociology.

Aside from the horrible danger that minds already weakened by popular fiction and fascinated by this prospect of getting something for nothing will at once plunge their owners into the literary business, and thus take bread from the mouths of those of us who are already struggling for existence in an overcrowded trade, the play is harmless and delightful.

Miss Rose Stahl as "Maggie Pepper"



world one would choose to write a play for Miss Rose Stahl. Miss Stahl was delightfully entertaining in "The Chorus Lady," partly because the subject itself was fresh and brightly handled, and partly because the musical-comedy atmosphere against which she played was just the right background properly to set off her dry, wise, satiric slang. Now Mr. Klein is the builder of a fairly effective, if commonplace, sort of drama, as guiltless of lightness of touch and, generally, of humor as a steam-roller. In "Maggie Pepper" he has applied his familiar methods to a department store, and we have a succession of scenes of conventional stage pathos and melodrama through which Miss Stahl, talking in her metallic chorus-lady monotone, wanders as lonely as a volume of "Fables in Slang" in the middle of a set of the "Encyclopedia Britannica."

"The Chorus Lady" as a Shopgirl

AFTER three acts of misfortune, played in an unbroken "Gee, but ain't it hard luck!" key, gossip unjustly begins to connect the name of the unlucky Maggie with that of her dashing employer. The merchant prince nobly proposes to still this unfounded talk by making Maggie his wife. She will accept no such sacrifice. And this is the jolly, colloquial way in which she turns the gentleman down. "The thought of duty, reparation, or moral compulsion, as a motive for marriage—" and so on. As a writer of unconsciously humorous dialogue, Mr. Klein has long been unsurpassed, but in phrases such as these, delivered in the regulation, "Say, kid, on the level!" tone of voice, a conjunction is achieved which surpasses even Mr. Klein himself.

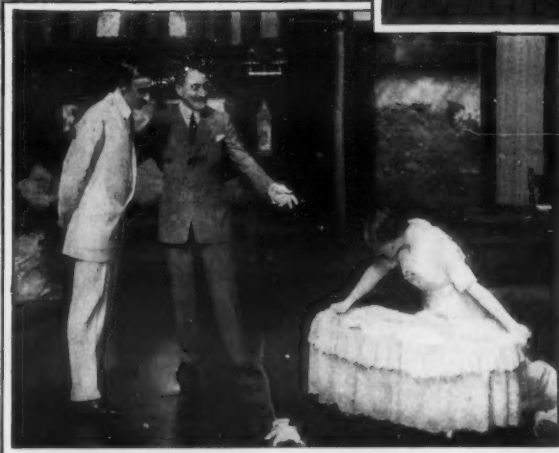
Of the younger American playwrights, Mr. A. E. Thomas, Mr. Thompson Buchanan, and Mr. Edward Sheldon will all be heard from. In one of Mr. Sheldon's plays, Miss Dorothy Donnelly, freed from her long sentence as Madame X (I suppose Miss Donnelly really enjoyed it), will appear as a Coney Island

snake charmer. Mr. J. M. Patterson, who uses the stage as less gifted muck-rakers use the magazines (his attack on cocaine selling in "Dope" will be remembered), has a new piece, "Rebellion," in which he treats divorce. Miss Gertrude Elliott will appear in it. Readers of Mr. Frederick Palmer's war correspondence and short stories in this paper will be interested to know that he has collaborated with Mr.

Julian Street in a comedy about an American captain of industry entitled "The Indispensable Man."

At the Century, formerly The New Theater, and now leased to Mr. George Tyler, "The Blue Bird" is being revived. Under the same management will presently appear the dramatization of Mr. Robert Hichens's novel, "The Garden of Allah"; Miss Margaret Anglin in several Greek tragedies, Maeterlinck's "Death of Tintagel," and plays by Zangwill and Henry Arthur Jones; Mr. George Arliss in "Disraeli"; the French actress, Mme. Simone, in Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine" and Bernstein's "The Thief."

Mr. Shaw's latest comedy, "Fanny's First Play," whose success was one of the most interesting facts of the recent London season—those who do not like or understand Shaw having long since assumed that his recent controversial plays had marked the end of his success as a writer for the theater—will be produced in this country by the Shuberts. The latter also have "Fine Feathers," by Mr. Eugene Walter, the author of "Paid in Full," and they will present at the Manhattan Opera House Prof. Max Reinhardt's "Edipus Rex"—a huge production which will require some six hundred people—"Sumurun," the Oriental pantomime, which is perhaps the most brilliant example of this famous German stage director's work, and at the Winter Garden the much-talked-of music-hall artist, Miss Gaby Deslys.



Mr. John Drew stirred by the domestic instinct



Mr. Douglas Fairbanks as an amateur burglar

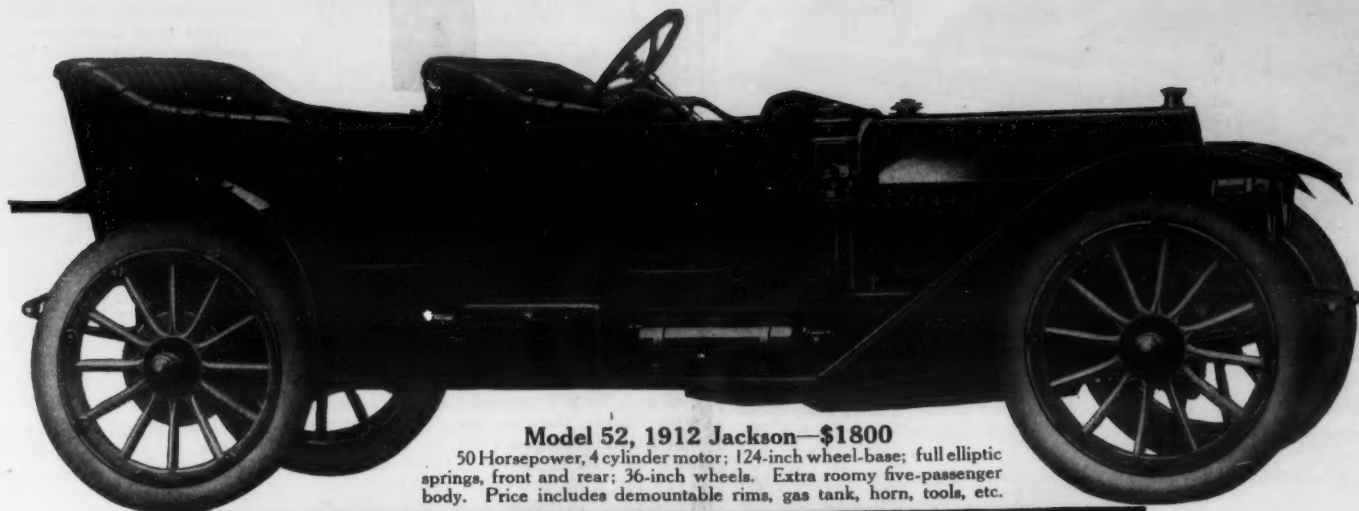
It is no doubt good for our manners to get so far from Broadway. But it would be good for the theater if Mr. Drew's talents and finished technique might occasionally escape from their little circumscribed region of make-believe to the big and splendid tragedies and joys of the ordinary man.

"Passers-by" and Other Importations

AFTER Mr. Drew's engagement, Miss Barrymore is coming to the Empire in A. E. W. Mason's "The Witness for the Defense," in which Mr. George Alexander and Miss Ethel Irving have been playing since last April in London. Another English play—perhaps the most successful of the London season—Mr. Haddon Chambers's "Passers-by," in which Miss Irene Vanbrugh appeared in London, will have been revealed before these remarks are read. The passers-by are humans of various degrees of fortune who drift into the life of a rich young London bachelor between half-past ten at night and half-past four in the morning. Mr. Pinero's newest comedy, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," Mr. Edward Knoblauch's "Kismet," and Mr. Algernon Boyesen's "The Other Mary," in which Miss Nazimova will appear, are among other Frohman productions. Miss Adams will take "Chantecler" to the waste places for most of the year, and she may not be seen in New York in anything new, although she has three one-act Barrie pieces up her sleeve.

Mr. Charles Klein is about the last person in the

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50 Horsepower, 4 cylinder motor; 124-inch wheel-base; full elliptic springs, front and rear; 36-inch wheels. Extra roomy five-passenger body. Price includes demountable rims, gas tank, horn, tools, etc.

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8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96	104	112
120	124												

Model 42, \$1500, is built on the same beautiful lines, with 40 horsepower, four cylinder motor; 118-inch wheel-base; full elliptic springs, front and rear; 34 x 4 tires. Roomy five-passenger body. Price includes full equipment of top, windshield, gas tank, etc.

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Then turn, first to the question of horsepower; a full fifty for the new Model 52; a full forty for the new Model 42 and a full 30 for the new Model 32 Jackson.

Bear in mind that you have usually found the chief reason for a price as low as these Jackson prices, in a lack of horsepower.

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It means a car that runs willingly under any and all conditions—a car that will take a stiff grade or a hard pull through mud or sand without relying on its momentum to carry it through.

And note, please, that the incorporation of qualities presumably reserved to cars of a higher price, does not end with the installation of this engine of magnificent energy.

Everything else is in keeping—everything that should reinforce a power plant capable of meeting the extremest emergencies.

You have the long wheel-base which makes you dissatisfied with your own **short, hard-riding car**, after you've once experienced the gliding luxury of the larger type.

In this new thirty horsepower Jackson at \$1100 a wheel-base of 110 inches and 32-inch wheels; in the forty horsepower five-passenger Jackson at \$1500, a wheel-base of 118 inches and 34-inch wheels; in the fifty horsepower Jackson, at \$1800, a wheel-base of 124 inches and 36-inch wheels.

Do you see how far forward this combination carries you toward the **riding qualities** that have made you long for the most expensive cars?

That the new Jackson models are beautiful cars you can see for yourself.

But we would prefer you to accept this grace of line and design as an after-consideration.

We want you to concentrate your inquiry upon the **efficiency of the cars** from an engineering standpoint.

We believe you will pronounce them the easiest riding cars the country has produced at any price under \$3000; and equal in ease to any car over that price.

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They might have saved money in the first cost by using ready roofings, but nearly all such roofings require painting every few years, and all of them show a unit cost per year of service much higher than that of Barrett Specification Roofs.

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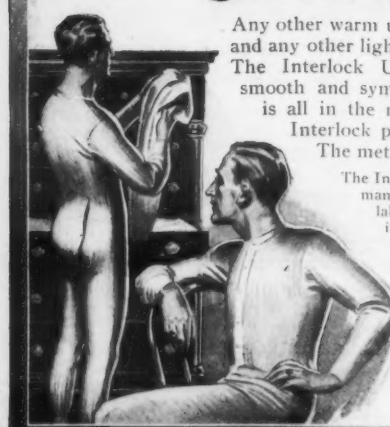
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Any other warm underwear is not as light; and any other light underwear is not as warm. The Interlock Underwear are uncommonly soft and smooth and sympathetic to your skin. The difference is all in the new way of knitting—by the patented Interlock process. Ask your dealer to explain it. The metal lock is your guide. Look for the lock.

The Interlock Underwear are made by several leading manufacturers. No matter what else appears on the label, if you see the word Interlock on the garment it is genuine Interlock Underwear. Cotton, merino, wool, and silk; different styles, grades, and prices from the inexpensive to the luxurious garments.

For Men and Boys—shirts or drawers, 50c and up; union suits, \$1 and up. For Infants—shirts, pants, and sleeping garments; cotton, merino, wool, and silk, 25c to \$1.50. Ask your dealer for one of the Interlock Underwear.

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FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

Next Republic, Spain

(Concluded from page 18)

martyr of him. Ferrer was shot. Scores of his dazed followers were locked up in iron cells in the model prison. And the Tribunal of Humanity started in to organize another revolution in Spain—promising on its humanitarian honor that holders of Spanish bonds need not be alarmed.

Obstacles in the Way

HAD a fat boy sat on the throne of Spain, there would have been long ago a republic in that Iberian land. But the Spanish King is not like Don Carlos. He is the hardest king to overthrow in Europe, for he has all the qualities that appeal to the ordinary man and woman—especially if they are Spanish.

Before his marriage he used to go often of a morning to the law school in Madrid, sit among the students, and listen to the lecture. One day the Republican Deputy Azcarate lectured on the superior advantages of the republican form of government. When he was done, the young King went up to him, smiling, and shook hands.

"Accept my congratulations, professor," he said, "but—every man to his trade, you know!"

And he is a master of that archaic trade of his. Do you remember the beginning of his reign? The gray squares and streets of Madrid thronged with people; suddenly the cannons boomed twenty-one times, to say the King had come. Inside the palace stood old dignitaries, old ministers of state, envoys from all the courts of Europe, Knights of the Golden Fleece, grandees; to them came the stately Duchess of Medina, bearing on a golden platter the naked new-born king. Came ever a king so picturesquely to an age-old throne! And there was another day, after he had been solemnly consecrated to the Black Virgin of Antiochia (the Protectress of the Royal Family), when he presided at the opening session of the Cortes. Cooing in his gilt chair of state, he listened; and the grave statesmen debated affairs of state.

Too Young

NOW a rational, time-serving, progressive man would snort with disdain at this idiotic travesty of royalty; and, of course, it is absurd and medieval and all that; but it preserved the Spanish throne for over twenty years. You see, some people are sentimental—even revolutionists are. Until he grew up, the Spaniards could not be persuaded that the tyranny of "Alfonsito" weighed heavily on them. Even when he was fourteen, an Anarchist who ran upon him with his knife felt that way. The little King was entirely at the man's mercy, so he stood still. The Anarchist looked at him critically, then dropped his knife.

"No," he said regretfully, "no—you are too young."

Nevertheless

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

HE heard the fies at the end of the street, He heard the marching of thousands of feet; The rush and the murmur, the beat of the drum, The sudden strange delirium: He saw the gold banners and flying flags, The rapturous faces of lads and hags; The light romance, and the gleam of it all, The wonder, the magic, the dream of it all.

BUT he did not see the lonely camp fires burning On distant fields; and he forgot the yearning Of aching hearts when nights were filled with dread; He did not see the pitious, helpless dead, He did not think of sorrow and alarms, The empty years that mocked his empty arms; He did not think of many a blood-stained hill. . . . Yet had he thought, he would have followed still!

And went his way. Later, bomb throwers took pot shots at him in various capitals of Europe, including his own; but they could not kill him, and they could not get the Spanish people, as a whole, to realize that Alfonso XIII was an anachronism, a relic of barbarism, a parasite, a tyrant, and all the rest of it. He is such a frank, democratic youth, so gay and bold—in the old French way—in the face of death; so full of wit and comradeship, so daring and expert in all the sports; so good a husband, father, son, so essentially a fine fellow that it is hard to prod Demos up to the point of taking his throne—or head.

And without Demos there are no revolutions.

The theorists, the idealists, the humanitarians, the financiers, can only blow on the coals and hasten the blaze.

A Fearless King

I HAVE said the King's personality is the chief obstacle in the way of the revolution which is being organized at this hour in Spain. Here is an illustration: After the last outbreak in Barcelona the constitutional guarantees were withdrawn for that province. There was widespread terrorism there. The Anarchists were sullen and dangerous; labor was angry and discontented. The worst elements in Catalonia swarmed into the city. And the King went to Barcelona. The police took every precaution. Their spies hovered everywhere—in cafés, streets, and squares. Uniformed men lined the streets. Troops were under arms. When the King came he ordered all the guards sent away. The officials who were responsible for his safety protested.

"They must be all removed," Alfonso insisted; and without a uniform or sword in sight he went down among the sullen citizens of his disloyal city. Not a stone was thrown, not a seditious cry was raised; here and there came cheers for the King.

Another thing will delay—though it cannot stop—the revolution. That is the fact that the Queen of Spain was taken from the English court. The English money which backed the Portuguese revolution and that of the Young Turks is sentimental where the English royal family is concerned. As much as her royal husband, Queen Ena—whose bridal veil was torn by a piece of the Morral and Ferrer bomb—stands for the protection of the old Spanish monarchy. These sentimental reasons will pass away. With bloodshed or without bloodshed, the new king—Democracy—will come to his throne in Spain as elsewhere. And Alfonso XIII will have his choice—as little King Carlos had—of acquiescence or death. The situation is historic. It is the unhappy dilemma of Balaam's ass, which was that he must lie down flat or run upon a sword.

SHE heard the story—old as the years: She waited through nights of girlhood fears For the dream to come, as come it must, And make a glory of the dust. She said, "No love shall be like ours— Life's roadway bright with eternal flow- ers."

She saw the beauty, the light of it all, And the terrible, splendid might of it all.

BUT she did not know of days and nights of weeping, Heart-breaking absence and slow shadows creeping Around her couch to hide Love's blazing light. She did not know Love has its day—and night.

And she forgot the thorns amid the roses, Forgot that sometimes Love's book softly closes;

She did not know Love's sorrows blind and kill. . . . Yet had she known, she would have fol- lowed still!

How to Motor Anywhere Without Asking a Question

TODAY a motorist can tour from one end of the United States to the other without asking a question as to route and without losing the road.

It is Simple and Easy—

There are today available a number of route books which give the correct speed indicator mileage at every landmark, railroad or change of direction.

All of these route books which have been adopted as "official" by the Automobile Clubs (and most of the others) have been laid out with the Warner Auto-Meter, "The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators."

Because exhaustive tests proved to the Road Map Makers that *every Warner was just like every other*, and that the mileage shown by the Map Car Warner would appear on the trip dial of *every other Warner* that ever passed that point.

Note How Touring With a Warner Works Out in Practice.

We could easily fill this space with touring experiences, all leading up to the same conclusion—hundreds of miles of absolutely unknown territory traveled without a single direction asked, even in the large cities. A couple will suffice.

The first week in June a millionaire manufacturer of Davenport, Iowa, while in Detroit, bought a popular priced car to "drive himself." The first time he ever took hold of a steering wheel was on this car, in the outskirts of Detroit. His lessons gave him the "bug" to such an extent that he determined to drive home to Davenport. So he bought an Official Route Book and a Warner and made the whole distance without asking a single question.

At Every Direction the Warner and the Route Book Corresponded Exactly.

A few days ago we met a Motor Enthusiast in Chicago en route for San Francisco with his wife and son. He had never been more than a short distance away from New York before. He had not been compelled to ask a direction up to that time—nor will he be the remainder of the distance. If every owner of a car could have listened to his enthusiastic eulogy of the Warner, they would

never again be satisfied with an inferior indicator.

Stuck for Two Days in a Tamarack Swamp.

A Milwaukee man started for St. Paul with a party, traveling by Warner and Official Route Book. At Eau Claire they started north for a few days' side trip. They never asked a direction until Chipewewa Falls was reached. Here the Road Map ended. Within six hours afterwards, following the directions of a rustic, they took an almost unused road and on a turn got so badly mired in a tamarack swamp that with all the local help they could secure it was nearly two days before they could resume the trip.

Write us if you care for the names of the above parties.

An Exclusive Warner Refinement Which Adds Still Further to the Joys of Touring.

All Warner instruments of the dial type (see illustration) have two resetting buttons for the trip mileage figures. One resets the figures to 000.0 with a single turn. The other works on the tenths of a mile only, making it possible to turn up any desired mileage on the trip scale. This makes it possible to drive around the boulevards or through the parks at any point and then in a few seconds set the mileage back to correspond with the Route Book readings.

Those who tour regularly will appreciate this refinement.

Those Who Select Unreliable Indicators Because of Low Price are Missing the Big Joys of Motoring.

The Warner was selected for surveying the routes in these different Route Books because unvaryingly accurate and reliable. *Every Warner indicates exactly the same as every other.* No two indicators of other makes indicated the same.

You should have a Warner on your car to interpret these routes for the same reason, *if you do any touring.*

If you don't tour you are missing the most fascinating part of motoring.



New Model M2, \$125

The New Model M2 has an *Extra Trip Reset*, permitting the trip odometer to be set to start at any desired mileage. The highest-grade Chelsea Clock now has *outside wind and set* (see illustration). This model is supplied with Warner large-figure odometer.

Season, 100,000 miles and repeat.

Trip, 1,000 miles and repeat.

Electric lights over clock and under bezel of instrument. The most popular Warner model.

Model K2, the same as New Model M2, but without the Chelsea Clock, is also very popular at \$75.

Model O2—"The Twins"—is the same instrument as New Model M2 above, but with large Chelsea Clock, same size as Auto-Meter, and set horizontally beside it. The *ultimate* in high-class instrument making—\$145.

Auto-Meter prices range from \$50, for Model R, upward to \$145. Speed mechanism is the same on all models. Style, Odometer and finish only are different. Any model, with 100-mile per hour speed dial, at slight additional charge. All regular dials show any speed up to 60 miles an hour.

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The Average Man's Money

A Page for Investors

A Citizens' League for a Sound Banking System

By JOHN V. FARWELL, President The National Citizens' League

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Besides Mr. Farwell, the officers and directors of the League in Chicago are: John Barton Payne, South Park Commission; J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago; A. C. Bartlett, Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.; Murray S. Wildman, Northwestern University; B. E. Sunny, Chicago Telephone Co.; Cyrus H. McCormick, International Harvester Co.; Harry A. Wheeler, Chicago Association of Commerce; John G. Shedd, Marshall Field & Co.; F. A. Delano, Wabash Railroad Co.; F. W. Upham, City Fuel Co.; Marvin Hughitt, Chicago and Northwestern Ry. Co.; Julius Rosenwald, Sears, Roebuck & Co.; A. A. Sprague, Sprague, Warner & Co.; Clyde M. Carr, Joseph T. Ryerson & Son; F. H. Armstrong, Reid, Murdoch & Co.; Graham Taylor, Chicago "Commons"; C. H. Wacker, United Charities; Joseph Bach, Siegel, Cooper & Co.]



John V. Farwell

THE National Citizens' League (for the promotion of a sound banking system), which was formed about two months ago as the result of a resolution passed by the Chicago Association of Commerce, will endeavor to recommend a plan of banking reform. It has started with eighteen directors, all business men and no bankers. It is to be strictly non-partisan, and to represent all kinds of business and occupations. In addition to these initial directors, we shall elect one from each State and territory in the United States. Some of these have already been elected. It will, therefore, soon be national in its representative character.

This League will endeavor, through the help of many, to secure legislation by Congress which will meet the defects of our present lack of system and create confidence in our banking stability, not only throughout this country but the whole commercial world.

A Declaration of Principles

IN the language of one of its documents it has settled on three principles:

FIRST—The integrity of individual banks, both national and State, should be preserved.

SECOND—These units should be federated in such a cooperative manner as to make it possible to carry into effect measures that involve credit transactions of national scope, and to present a solid front when the stability of legitimate business in any section of the country is in danger.

THIRD—This should be accomplished through an organization which is also absolutely protected against ambitious financial control by any class or section, and placed beyond the reach of political influence.

This practically means that we do not believe in a central bank doing a general banking business, like the Bank of England, but that we do believe in what has been called a National Reserve Association, controlled and managed so as to represent the democratic spirit and the sound common sense of this nation.

To secure this democratic management, the majority of the directors of the association in all its departments should be elected by the banks as units without any reference to the amount of capital stock and a minority only by votes according to capital stock.

Stock of banks owned by holding companies or corporations should have no votes directly or indirectly in such elections. Such an arrangement would keep the association free from possibility of

control by any class or section of the country, and make it the servant of all the banks.

This association, with headquarters in Washington, would have fifteen or more branches in the various sections of the country, and it would be owned by all the banks of the country, both State and national, each subscribing for stock to the extent of 10 to 20 per cent of its capital, making a total paid-up capital of, say, \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000, and an authorized capital of \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000.

It would not be organized to make

money, but to render a public service. The stockholders would be limited in dividends to 5 or 6 per cent, and all further earnings, after a 20 per cent surplus had been accumulated, would go to the Government—or two-thirds to the Government and one-third to surplus.

Its functions in the way of public service would be: To hold, without paying interest, all the cash reserves of the subscribing banks—reserves which are of no daily use to a bank because the law says they cannot be drawn upon.

To hold all Government deposits, and act as fiscal agent of the Government. It would accept no deposits from any individual, firm, or corporation.

Under some equitable arrangement, to take over and retire all national bank-note issues and substitute its own notes therefor, based on the same bonds and also on its other assets.

It would not lend on bonds, but would give all subscribing banks the privilege of rediscounting, at same rate to all, any good commercial paper having not over twenty-eight days to run, thus making liquid the good assets of any and all banks.

It would also rediscount commercial paper, having more than twenty-eight days and not more than four months to run, provided it was guaranteed by local associations, to one of which all banks in each district would belong. It could also do business in foreign exchange and in various forms of acceptance as might be worked out in detail.

Payments would be made to banks from their balances in cash or national reserve notes, both of which would count as part of the reserves of any individual bank.

The danger of an overexpansion of credit and note issues could be checked by a tax beginning when the ratio of reserve to all liabilities reached, say, 40 or 50 per cent, and increasing as the ratio reserve decreased until it arrived at a figure which would be so large as to be effective as a final check.

This tax would not be on the notes themselves, but would fall through the raising of the rate of discount on the banks in proportion to amounts rediscounted by each bank and charged weekly as long as

reserve was below the required amount. The plan works well, both mechanically and psychologically. The clearing-house certificate plan or its further development in the Aldrich-Vreeland act would undoubtedly work well mechanically as far as it could go, but psychologically it would surely prove a failure, because it calls the attention of every one to the fact that the regular system has broken down.

From what I have written, it is obvious that the National Reserve Association is not a central bank, but simply a co-operatively owned machine for rendering liquid the good current commercial paper of all banks, and also, through concentration of the reserve, a steadfast bulwark against any possibility of a lack of confidence in the system.

The League as an organization has only gone so far as to adopt the three principles enunciated, and so declare itself in favor of the idea of a National Reserve Association controlled according to those principles. Other ideas mentioned are merely suggestions made by many for discussion.

Stocks

A QUESTION is raised by the McKeesport, Pa., "Times." That paper thinks the heading at the top of this page of COLLIER'S is an outcrop of a peculiar sense of humor. "Certainly," it adds, "the stocks and bonds its financial expert discusses are wares of a sort the average man's money cannot reach. It would be quite as correct to print 'The Average Man's Recreations' at the head of a page devoted to steam yachting. . . . We take it that the average man in McKeesport is pretty much like the average American; and the average McKeesporter never owned a share of stock nor a bond in his life."

How near the truth is this? To August 31, the "Wall Street Journal's" count of stockholders in corporations with capitalizations of \$1,000,000 or over had reached 873,000. Returns had come from 242 out of 800 such corporations. The "Wall Street Journal's" reasonable estimate is that 3,000,000 persons own stock, and that upon each stockholder four persons are dependent. Fifteen millions out of our ninety millions—one-sixth—of the population are directly concerned in the ownership of our corporations. If the citizens of McKeesport have their due proportion of stocks, there should be at this moment 1,500 holders of stock in American corporations living in that city. Probably half as many are owners of bonds. In McKeesport, according to the "Bankers' Encyclopedia," are seven banks and trust companies and one firm of private security dealers and bankers. Deposits in the seven banks and trust companies aggregate about \$7,500,000. The city is, as a matter of fact, an exceptional market for securities.

Of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad alone, 126, holding an average of 108 shares worth \$60 a share, should live in McKeesport, since 21,545 shareholders of that road live in Pennsylvania.

Just why the McKeesport "Times" refuses to regard its security-owning citizens as "average" men is not clear.

Saving

IN the issue of August 5 was published a table showing what \$5 a week saved and put into \$100 bonds bearing interest at 6 per cent would amount to in twenty years. Here is a table, compiled by the investment house of P. W. Brooks & Co., which shows the result of saving and investing in 5 per cent bonds the sum of \$25 a month for twenty-five years:

Year	Par Value Annual Inv.	Total Principal
1st	\$300	\$300.00
2d	300	615.00
3d	300	945.00
4th	300	1,292.44
5th	400	1,656.18
6th	400	2,138.45
7th	400	2,440.00
8th	400	2,861.62
9th	500	3,304.11
10th	500	3,769.27
11th	500	4,257.07
12th	500	4,769.38
13th	600	5,307.18
14th	600	5,872.47
15th	600	6,465.40
16th	600	7,088.04
17th	700	7,741.60
18th	700	8,428.28
19th	700	9,149.42
20th	800	9,906.42
21st	800	10,701.68
22d	800	11,536.75
23d	900	12,412.13
24th	900	13,332.62
25th	900	14,298.94

The annual income on the investment at the end of the twenty-fifth year would be \$710. As a provision for the education of a son and setting him up in business, this plan should make a strong appeal.

Crops

AT the time this is written no definite estimate of the size of this year's cotton crop is available. It is known, however, that it will be a record breaker. For practically all other crops Government figures comparing 1911 with 1910 are at hand:

	1911	1910
Corn	2,620,221,000	3,125,713,000
Winter wheat	454,822,000	464,044,000
Spring wheat	209,646,000	231,399,000
Total wheat	664,468,000	695,443,000
Oats	817,800,000	1,126,765,000
Rye	31,262,000	33,039,000
Barley	140,056,000	162,227,000
Buckwheat	14,498,000	17,239,000
Flaxseed	22,898,000	14,116,000
Rice	23,076,000	24,510,000
Potatoes	249,892,000	338,811,000
Hay, tons	49,039,000	60,039,000
Tobacco, lbs.	600,588,000	984,588,000

The South will be unusually prosperous. There will be some curtailment of buying power in the Middle West and the Northwest. Investors who hold securities whose earning power is affected by the size of crops have no cause to feel panicky.

Trust Fund Investments

SECURITY dealers are calling attention to the new law exempting bonds from further taxation in New York State upon the payment of one-half of one per cent. To executors, trustees, and all who seek securities legal for the investment of trust funds, the list of bonds to choose from is much widened. The seven high-grade bonds named here are representative of securities that may be made newly tax-exempt and legal for trust-fund investments:

	Yield
Southern Pac. refund. 4s.	4.27%
Chi., Bur. & Quincy gen. 4s.	4.17%
Gt. North. 1st & refund. 4 1/2s.	4.19%
Chi., Rock Island & Pac. refund. 4s.	4.78%
Illino's Central refund. 4s.	4.18%
Chi. & Alton refund. 3s.	4.60%
Un. & Pac. 1st and refund. 4s.	4.15%



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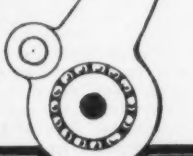
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Westfield and Pure Food

THE enthusiasm with which our articles on pure-food experiments at Westfield, Massachusetts, have been received has been very encouraging. Newspapers and private correspondents all over the country show that they are fully ready for constructive work along these lines. We hope and believe that what has been done at Westfield will now be done in many States. The resulting benefit will be to the consumer and to the manufacturer alike. Following are examples of an opinion that is practically unanimous:

ATTICA, IND.

Let me congratulate you on your constructive criticism in the form of publication of foods that are pure. This is a good work, and you deserve all manner of good wishes for having undertaken it.

EDGAR WEBB.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

With great interest I read your article on Westfield, the pure-food town, and it just occurred to me that if your readers all over the country could be informed of some of the simple methods of testing such necessities as milk, butter, etc., great results could be accomplished in the direction of pure food.

WAYNE PAULIN.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, it certainly is there with the goods, not simple reading matter, but the information that every individual should and ought to know, especially in the food line.

WILLIAM STANLEY LINTO.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Accept congratulations on the pure-food number. It is a highly commendable bit of constructive journalism.

It should encourage the manufacturers of pure food and increase their sales as well as bring confusion into the opposite camp.

I have it pasted up in my kitchen, and all grocery orders are governed by it.

Yours for the pure foods,

DR. CHARLES B. REED.

The current issue of COLLIER'S has an article of surpassing interest and value to Fresno people in view of the establishment of a normal school here, and of the growing belief in the virtue and necessity of the campaign for pure food.

... The moral is obvious. Fresno is to have a normal school in a few days, ready for real work. Fresno people, like those of Westfield, believe in pure food. It would be too bad to allow the charge of imitation to deter our normal school chemistry department from emulating the good work of Professor Allyn and his Massachusetts pupils.—Fresno (Cal.) Herald.

The experience of Westfield, Massachusetts, in getting rid of adulterated food products, poisonous wall-papers, and so on, ought to be profitable to many another town, for it can be repeated wherever there is a high school and a chemical laboratory. Perhaps, though, we ought to add that a certain sort of teacher is required. It may even turn out that he is the most important factor in the game. The pure-food adventures of Westfield are described in the current number of COLLIER'S. ... The moral of this story is that any town can do the same as Westfield, as we have said, if only it has a laboratory and the right kind of a man at the head of it. We ought to insist, too, that it is necessary to have a body of citizens who prefer to eat wholesome food and who care enough for their own health and that of their families to stand by a man who seeks to give it to them. The Westfield method succeeded because at bottom it was constructive. If the normal class had not made out a "white list," as it is called by the Consumers' League, they would not have won over the grocers, and very likely their work would have been nipped in the bud by commercial forces too powerful for them to withstand.

—Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.

Westfield is a small town in Massachusetts. Few people in this section of the country have ever heard of it, yet Westfield has accomplished in a substantial way what Dr. Wiley and his pure-food experts have failed to accomplish. The Westfield crusade for pure food has been conducted

WINCHESTER



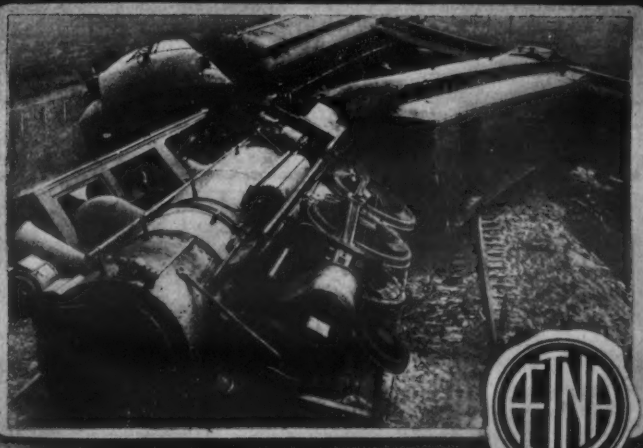
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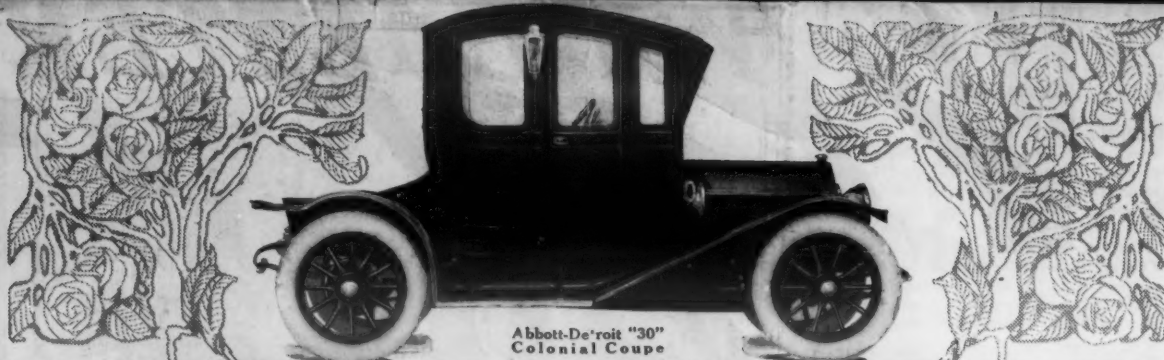
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Send for **FREE SAMPLES** and try the quick and easy way to make delicious bouillon. Box of 12 Cubes, 35c by mail, if dealer can't supply. Also in tins of 50 and 100 Cubes.

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes

Made by **American Kitchen Products Co.** 146 William St., N.Y. Under Food Law, Serial No. 1

In a small way, but it has been effective, whereas all the vigilance of Dr. Wiley has failed to prevent certain manufacturers from flooding the markets with dangerous foods.

In the last issue of COLLIER'S, Margaret Wagner, in a comprehensive and interesting article, gives an idea of how the work was started and the startling revolution it has brought about in this particular section of Massachusetts.

—Memphis (Tenn.) Commercial Appeal.

The current issue of COLLIER'S contains an interesting and instructive article by Margaret Wagner, entitled "Westfield—A Pure-Food Town," which ought to attract widespread attention and do an incalculable amount of good in teaching the public the protection that may be in the safeguards that are adopted at Westfield.

Every community should follow the lead of Westfield and become a pure-food community. Nashville should do it now, for it will have to be done in the end, as the tendency everywhere is to be exacting in the matter of foods and drugs; and why shouldn't every person who buys require that the purchase be exactly what it is represented to be? Why should any person be satisfied to pay for one thing and get another? Why should a person pay for a pure article and be content to accept an impure article?

The elimination of impurities, poisons, substitutes, and such things must come, for the people have made up their minds that they are no longer going to be imposed on.

—Nashville (Tenn.) Tennessean.

The article on which Ald. Renihan bases his suggestion that the high school classes in chemistry analyze food products offered for sale in this city is contained in COLLIER'S WEEKLY of August 26, and it is so full of excellent suggestions that the "Evening Press" has no hesitancy in suggesting that citizens of Grand Rapids interested in pure food read it.

—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press.

We shall not buy any foods excepting what are named on your list from Westfield. You are doing a wonderful thing. By printing on a double page it makes it possible to paste this list up in the pantry for reference. We will show it to our grocer.

C. L. CLARK.

The current number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY contains the story of an Eastern city in which was located a normal school which has risen to such importance in municipal affairs that the people of the city wouldn't know what to do if the school were to be removed or its work curtailed in the slightest degree. The story is a lesson in the value of practical education, and, unless it is vastly overdrawn, is also a lesson from the book of experience which other towns and cities will do well to learn.

—Laramie (Wyo.) Boomerang.

The substance of the yarn, as told in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, is that Lewis B. Allyn is a live wire.

A live wire is useful to a community, and a normal school is a fine place to attach one. Common schools in Massachusetts are doing much of the food and drug analysis taught at Westfield, and the work of weeding out the dope and the poor stuff in grocery, drug store, soda fountain, and elsewhere is going on apace.

—Chattanooga (Tenn.) News.

In COLLIER'S for August 26 is an interesting account of the town of Westfield, Massachusetts, "A Pure-Food Town." The list is worth while, for it is something definite and hopeful. Not one poor brand of corn starch has been found. This list has been placed on the Library bulletin board.—Lyndonville (Vt.) Journal.

The publishing of a list of foods which have been found to be pure, giving the names of manufacturers, is an altogether new feature which COLLIER'S WEEKLY presents in the current issue of that paper.

In presenting the novel article of which the list of foods forms the most important and most conspicuous part, COLLIER'S says that the move will arouse much criticism and some genuine misunderstanding. That it will there can be no doubt, but there should at least be no misunderstanding when once the introductory sentences are closely read.

—South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.

Memory in the Theatrical

The Tricks, Good and Evil, Which Memory Plays Upon the Stage

By GARNET WARREN

WHEN that willowy divinity with the Titian hair sat at your side in the subway, you suspected her of the dramatic. When she produced her small roll and muttered over it, you were certain of her, for that is the first stage of the dramatic novitiate. "It's an actress learning her part," came a whisper from your other side. Awed eyes were directed to your willowy neighbor, the dramatic lady who moved her lips, for she had touched a chord in the human heart. She was engaged upon a mystery. As a race we think often of those mysterious processes by which actors learn a part. We wonder how they do it. We think, too, upon stage memory. We wonder how it affects careers, though even the uninitiate knows that it is not the thing of importance that once it was. Elaborate rehearsals, month-long, have changed that. Understudy arrangements have helped, though even today there are instances where quick memories have changed careers.

It was in "the palmy days" of the stage, however, that quick memories were necessities for the folk in the world of the footlights. In the fifties, sixties, and seventies to be an actor meant that you must have a memory, for plays were often staged at almost an hour's notice then. And prodigious were the feats in those bygone times when actors had to learn parts at the very wings of the stage—to "wing" parts, as they said—immediately before the moments of entrance.

McCloskey's \$50 Gold Piece

OLD Jim McCloskey, present clerk of the City Court in New York, who played with Booth in the Californian gold-fields in forty-nine, can give you instances of this. He speaks of a certain Jim Lingard, who an hour or two before the performance could take a part of fifty "lengths" of sixty-two lines each, and, by the aid of necessary "winging," repeat it line for line! McCloskey, too, can tell you how Edwin Booth himself used to ascribe the powers of his versatility to the necessity of learning and rehearsing a long part in a single day when in the company of his father, Junius Brutus Booth. And then McCloskey tells of how the dead Sergeant Telford learned the part of Ion in old, bygone "Frozen Powder" in a single day, though there were seventy solid "lengths" of it; and of Booth, too, who memorized and played his great part in "The Marble Heart" in two days—and moved his audience to tears! Once, out on Russian Hill in "Frisco, old McCloskey memorized sixty "lengths" for Mrs. Baker, a great actress in those days. He tells yet with a thrill of the fifty-dollar gold piece that Mrs. Baker gave him for his feat.

David Belasco also can tell you of memories of a later time—but still an early one—when he was playing in the old stock days in San Francisco. Then, too, parts had to be learned from night to night. The manner was to cram in a general way as much as possible. You would cram particular "bits" at the wings. You would improvise when memory deserted you. Those were the days when forgetfulness did not disorganize. You had learned well the instinct for dramatic pause. You would hold the audiences spell-bound when you waited for a "prompt." A timely cough covered many a mistake in those brave times.

In what one might term the Middle Era, the Lyceum Stock Company was rich in stories of unusual memories. Miss Georgia Cayvan, once leading lady of the company, came by her great chance in precisely this way. She was playing second parts at the time when a sudden illness of the leading woman gave her the opportunity. She was given the MSS. late in the afternoon, but she found that she had no need to study the part. The words of the scenes had made such an impression upon her that she remembered them without effort. She knew a part that she had never consciously learned at all—well, call it unconscious cerebral activity, if that is not too scientific.

In the Days of Stock Companies

INDEED, in the old stock days memory was necessarily a much greater factor in theatrical success than it is now, when the necessity of rapid memorizing is the exception and not the rule. Emmet Corrigan, who learned in the old school and has come acceptably to the new, believes that the memories of actors are much

weaker than they were. He puts the assimilative power of the average modern "long-run" actor at perhaps six "lengths" in twenty-four hours. The old stock actor, he believed, could do twenty in the same time, though he remembered William Beach to have done eighty in twenty-four hours.

A Maude Adams Success

HOWEVER, even to-day the need of quick study has colored more than one theatrical career whose fame is blazoned electrically and with printed emphasis. Even the stellar Miss Maude Adams is a case in point. "The Midnight Bell" was being staged, and its author, Charles H. Hoyt, was hard to please. The actress cast for the part would emphatically not do, and Mr. Hoyt could be linguistically emphatic upon the spur of such moments, so Miss Maude Adams became cast for the part at the eleventh hour. She wrote it out twice—her method of memorizing even to-day—and so achieved one of her earliest and greatest successes. Miss Ethel Barrymore, another star of the Frohman firmament, had her career colored at least by her remarkable aptitude of memory, for her goodliness in Mr. Frohman's eyes dated from its first exhibition. She had been playing small parts, when one day she was suddenly asked if she could get up the principal rôle in "His Excellency the Governor" in—"say a couple of weeks, Miss Barrymore." Miss Barrymore declared she was ready at the moment. She commenced then and there upon a scene, taking all parts, repeating every "if and but," as they say, and—Look along Broadway any day for yourself.

So, too, from the list of those whose apt and ready memory had meant something before the days of stardom, comes the name of Helen Ware, who at the very beginning of her career proved her mettle. It was almost the first company that she had joined; she was just "some little girl in the cast," by which we indicate the generally insignificant. Word came suddenly that Blanche Bates, the star, was ill. What to do immediately became the problem with the management. Then appeared the figuratively small, obscure person, Miss Helen Ware. "I can play the part," said she. "I've got five hours to do it in. I know it half already. I can learn the rest in the time I've got." The house was sold out, which is a usually determining circumstance with those who "produce." The manager decided to take a chance—and whatever accrued in the matter of booking. That night Miss Helen Ware had her first chance and played "Cigarette" without a mistake—a fact which Mr. Belasco remembers till this day. Through her memory she had achieved the first rung in her particular ladder of fame.

Two Hours to Learn a Part

THE readiness of memory is undoubtedly at least a certain factor in many an actor's success, although it does not inevitably lead to stardom. Grant Stewart now steps out and so must consent to become illustrative. He did some rapid memorizing in "The Melting Pot." It took him just two hours to assimilate the part of the Baron when the actor who usually played it was suddenly called to his mother's bedside. Mr. Stewart, who possessed an understudy himself, played the new part for the rest of the week. In "Little Eyolf," however, he outdid himself. That part contains exactly 576 speeches. To meet an emergency he received it on Sunday morning. He memorized it in five hours and played it on the Monday afternoon. James Colville, too, on the occasion of a short illness of Richard Mansfield, memorized the unprecedentedly long part of Cyrano de Bergerac on the train between New York and Louisville, and played it on the evening of arrival. William J. Kelly was not prominent till, on an emergency, he memorized his long part in "The Battle" in twelve hours. That was his first really big metropolitan part. From it came his opportunity to create a part in "The Lily."

Emmet Corrigan, playing at present in "The Deep Purple," has for years been noted for his quick and retentive memory. Lately he played in two pieces on the same night in New York, one in "Judith Zarsine"—on a hurry call. He got the telegram late on Sunday afternoon in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and on Monday, with only one rehearsal, he made the only hit in that metropolitanally un-



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Literature had its Shakespeare—furniture its Fra Junipero.

Music had its Mozart—furniture its Sheraton.

Chippendale, who lived in the 17th century, designed furniture of such beauty and exquisite taste that the whole world has copied it for three centuries.

Fra Junipero, a great nature, bold and rugged, originated the clean-cut arts-and-crafts furniture. He loved honest strength and made his furniture show its solid joints and honest workmanship.

Sheraton, on the contrary, had a nature full of symmetry, balance, harmony. He could not tell us about it on canvas or on paper. He could tell us of his fine sensitive personality only by shaping it in mahogany.

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Macey Book Cabinets are sectional, but they are the only sectional bookcases that can be added to upwards or sideways and still look not like sectional bookcases but like heirloom furniture.

Mr. O. H. L. Wernicke, Father of Sectional Bookcases, originated the idea of sectional bookcases in old master designs. Mr. Wernicke's name still appears in the corporate title of a competing firm, but he is now connected only with The Macey Company.

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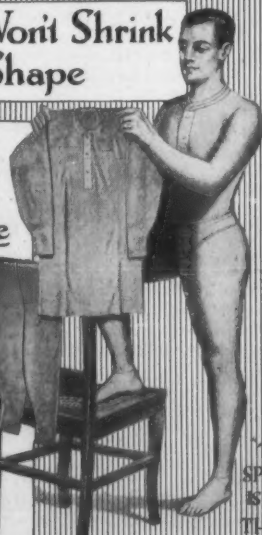
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THE
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successful piece. And his recipe?—for on the score of quick memorizations he is now marked and unusual—"First an empty stomach," says he. "You can think better then. The first-in-the-morning study and the last-thing-at-night study is the best. Go to sleep with the book in your hand. Pick it up the first thing in the morning. And the empty stomach—always the empty stomach. When I study a part, it's crackers, milk, and celery when time is to be made—crackers and milk for a little light nourishment and the celery for the nerves." David Belasco says, in the matter of retention, that the twenty-four hours after the memorization is the really important time. Stewart's part in "Little Eyolf"—that 576-speech affair—was almost immediately forgotten, as are all crammed parts. They are learned, but next day they are gone—well, let us again quote the snows of yesteryear. But methods differ. There is the almost photographic memory of the old-time actor, that with almost one reading a part could be committed to memory. Some actors absorb slowly by murmuring the words. Some hammer the part out—of which William H. Crane is a notable instance. Crane, declaiming, strides about in the lobby. It takes study and six rehearsals to get him even fairly acquainted with his lines. Old Mrs. Gilbert could do a part with a couple of slow readings. She would read lingeringly—would lift her head and almost whisper the lines to herself. She almost knew her part on the full reading of the whole.

Methods of Study

MISS MAUDE ADAMS writes out her parts as many times as are sufficient to memorize them, though two or three occasions are enough. The method of Ethel Barrymore in later years has been to learn at rehearsals—reading through her part till, after five or six rehearsals, the lines come to her. The general tendency is, indeed, for minor parts to be developed at rehearsal through frequent reading. The long rehearsals make instant-word perfection unnecessary. The star parts are, however, learned generally in bowered seclusion, and the methods kept from the common herd. This was Richard Mansfield's way. He stood aloof from his company. His parts were committed to memory before that company met for its rehearsal. Henry Miller and Kyrle Bellew are the same. The memory of neither is what may be called photographic, but each arrives at his effects by a student-like application.

But the tricks of memory are many and the memories of the stage folk are not all good. Ada Rehan's memory was unreliable. It was said of her that her trouble was in learning a part, not in playing it. Ellen Terry was the same. In our own day Billie Burke's memory is her Achilles' heel. Each night before appearance she finds it necessary to go over her part in her dressing room. Indeed, this practice is frequent, though not with the tortured application necessary in Miss Burke's case. E. H. Sothern goes over his part in the dressing room before each performance; and it was not unusual for Mansfield to do the same. It is even considered regular with the classics because fittingly reverential. Even with such aids, however, memory plays strange pranks upon the stage, and it is not that part played the greatest number of times that is the best remembered. Jefferson, who had played Rip Van Winkle thousands of times, forgot its lines until the last. W. J. Florence, who memorized "Our Boys" from first to last by sitting in a London theater that he might make an adaptation of it for the American stage, frequently blundered while playing an old part. "Our Boys" itself was an illuminative instance of the freaks of memory. Making a record run, it was finally withdrawn while it was yet doing good business, because the actors had become so dulled by the constant repetition that mistakes constantly occurred and the life was going from it. It seemed to have a peculiar effect upon the memory of the players for other parts which were necessary for matinee occasions. Indeed, parts can be known too well.

Bernhardt's Imposition

THE part played for some phenomenal number of times shows, with the increasing number of repetitions, an increasing tendency to be forgotten. Henry Irving's first production of Shylock in the Lyceum Theater illustrated this. Mr. Frank Tyars, who played the Prince of Morocco, after being perfect for 249 nights, forgot some of his lines on the two hundred and fiftieth—the final performance. Bernhardt herself has had some curious lapses, though she is strongly retentive of memory upon ordinary occasions. But Bernhardt knows the value, like the old ones, of "dramatic pause." The audience never guessed, but hung in

a small way, but dramatic silences. On the day of an almost complete loss of memory she was yet more skillful. It was in New York, and the performance was "Adrienne Lecouvreur." At the end of certain passage, and during an important part of a scene, her memory became blank. She practically had the stage to herself. She paused, tried to remember herself, failed, and—commenced repeating, for word, a scene from "Tosca." Her actions were still those of Adrienne Lecouvreur. At the end of the scene there was a tremendous outburst of applause. It is doubtful that with the New York audience fifty people noticed the interpolation. At the end of the performance the manager approached her. "Madame, you never played it better—never; but why?" "My memory went," replied Bernhardt; "but what did it matter? The audience didn't understand what I was saying. It only applauded my actions."

Two Plays at Once

EDWIN BOOTH was even bolder than this. He had been known to interpolate Othello when memory lapsed on Macbeth. Louis James frequently interpolated bold on occasions of forgetfulness and of memory, and his changes in the text were frequently better than the original. James' method of remembering in study came through the development of the scene rather than by the written word, though the written word slipped into its place when it was wanted. One of the sad scenes of stage forgetfulness occurred at Wallack's Theater but three years ago. It was one of the many tragedies of the stage. An old actor it was, an actor of many parts, Dan Harkins, who in his day had been long associated with Augustin Daly's never-to-be-forgotten company. He was known as one of the most reliable actors on the stage. But on this occasion he spoke just a few lines—and his memory became a blank. Prompting were of no use. He would repeat the prompted word and stop again. He paused painfully for a long time; then the curtain came down, and the old actor burst into tears. He had played his last part.

The opera as well as the theater is too, an arena for memory to disport in. Andreas Dippel, director of the Chicago Opera House, is perhaps the most notable example of a career solidly built on foundations of memory. For years he was the "safe" man at the Metropolitan Opera House—the man who knew the parts within his compass of all other male singers, and who could remember a slight incident with Mr. Burrian glowing in his dressing room in the middle of the performance of "Lohengrin" and refused to sing. The director, Conried, pleaded, but of what avail is pleading to a singer with a contract? Mr. Burrian glowered still and refused. There was but one hope—Dippel, the man with the memory. He was found at the Majestic. He raced round in a cab, buckled on the silver armor with which the Emperor of Germany had presented him, and sang the rest of "Lohengrin." It was the first time that he had sung it for nine years!

The Unobtrusive Cellist

AND, of course, for conclusion, one had better choose the most noted instance of all of a memory which has shaped and almost does miracles. It became introduced to the world in Genoa on the occasion when Mancinelli was conducting and "Cristoforo Colombo" was the opera of his activities. Mancinelli displayed temperament (he often did), quarreled with his devoted orchestra, and stumped out. It was the afternoon of the performance. The money that had been received at the box office seemed far too good to lose. No conductor was available. Did any member of the orchestra deem himself competent to conduct? There was silence for a moment and the question was asked again. Then up rose a small, quiet, unobtrusive man. Nobody knew much about him. He played second cello. He remarked that if the management didn't have anybody else he would try. That evening he conducted even as Mancinelli had not done. He conducted without the score. It was the introduction of the great Arturo Toscanini to the conductor's baton—the only man who has ever conducted "Salome" from memory—Toscanini, who needs but to hear once a phrase from any composer's work to be capable of instantly taking the baton and, from memory, conducting it.

So you see that memory plays many tricks, good and ill, upon the stage, and that careers may sometimes be like success at cards, the products of chance and skill. And, as in most games of cards, certain players are favored. They have at times possessed the marked cards of memory.

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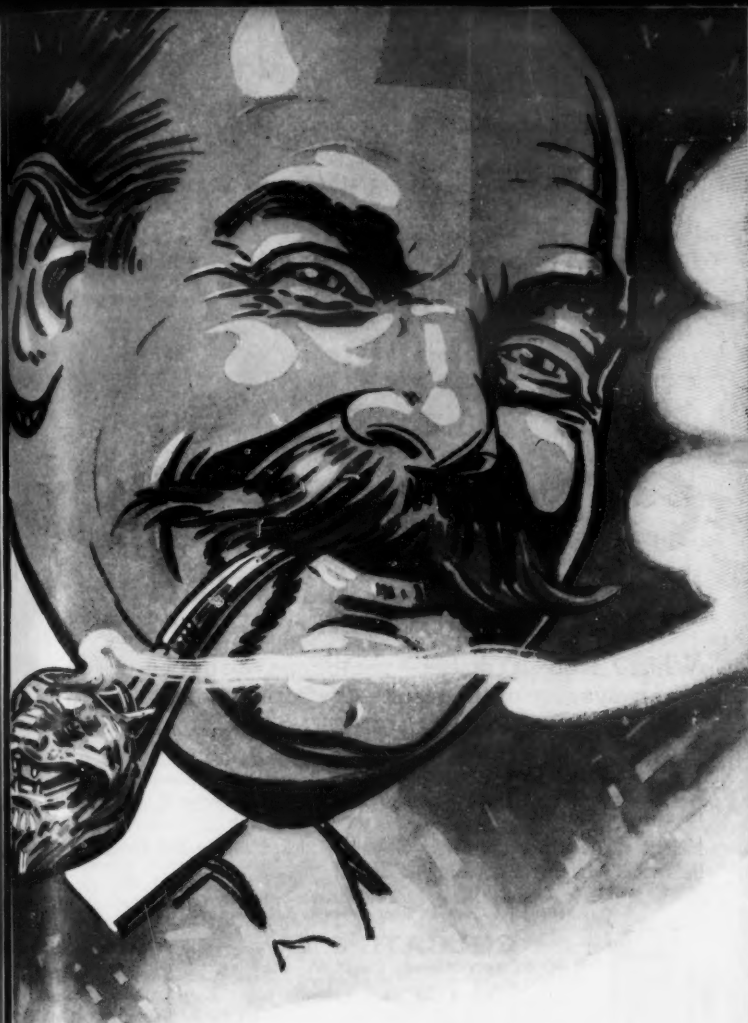
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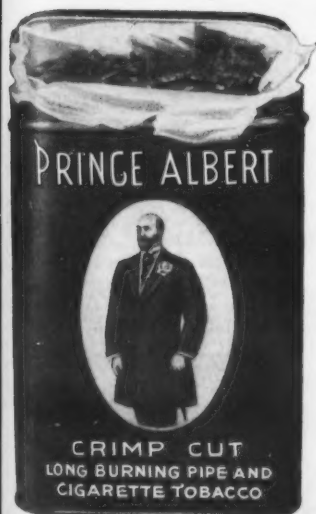
**Listen—
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smoke a pipe;**

smoke it hard, smoke it hot, smoke
it often; and get the bulliest en-
joyment out of every pull—if you'll
just wise-up on a first hand tip
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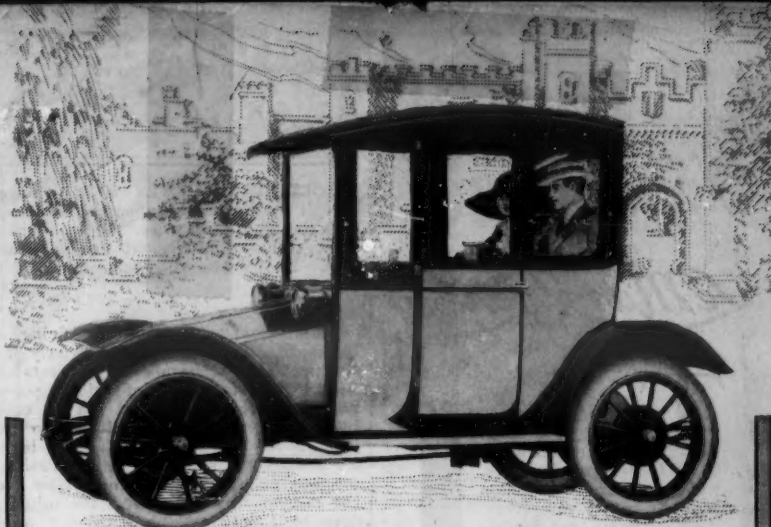
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made by a patented, exclusive
process that takes out the bite.
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burns even and steady, leaves
nothing in the bowl but dust-
fine ashes.

It's time you were finding out what your
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tobacco like P. A. Unlimber the old
jimmy, fire up and KNOW!

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BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is independent. It has warmly supported President Taft in many instances. It looks at a political question without prejudice and bias.—Elmira (N. Y.) *Star-Gazette*.

While **COLLIER'S** was volley-firing at Ballinger, represented as unwisely advancing the Guggenheim interests in Alaska, and the noise of rejoicing over Ballinger's retirement shut out all other intelligible sounds, it was difficult to even think of the protection of other and legitimate interests suffering while Washington was making up its mind. Now that the cannonading has ceased, the injustice done legitimate claimants to coal measures in Alaska and the injury to the country is receiving some attention.

—Manila (P. I.) *Bulletin*.

COLLIER'S announces that Mark Sullivan, who writes the "Congressional Record" page, will soon be back from his vacation. This is encouraging news to the malefactors and the saffron Senators, because if there is a muckraker whom the big crooks sincerely hate it is this same Sullivan.—Worcester (Mass.) *Post*.

The country is in debt to Mississippi for John Sharp Williams, says **COLLIER'S WEEKLY**. Why not Tennessee, his birthplace?—St. Paul (Minn.) *News*.

CHAPMAN'S OFFICE.
BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.
The leading editorial, "Happiness," in your issue of this week cannot but gratify thousands and influence many of the readers of your weekly. Such words from the press are sorely needed, and I wish to express to you the appreciation which, I am sure, your many readers feel upon the prominence given in your paper to such wholesome views as are presented in the above-mentioned articles. I am,

Yours truly,
THOS. WORRALL.

ALLIANCE, NEBR.
I believe the Columbus Medical Journal the best journal published in America. I also believe it would help you lotse if you would have it sent to your Address and read and make note of all that is in it if you wish the journal Address C. S. Carr M.D.
Columbus Ohio
enclose one \$1.00 for the journal yours truly H. T. DARTON.

ROXBURY, MASS.
I am surprised to learn that **COLLIER'S WEEKLY** has made an attack on so good a man as Dr. Carr—one who has done more for humanity than **COLLIER'S WEEKLY** has ever thought of. Certainly you degrade your publication in the estimation of all fair-minded people. And do you not realize that Envy, Hatred, and Malice return to act upon those who send out such malice influences. Dr. Carr is a man above reproach, whom I have known many years, and from whom I have received great benefit. All that you can say or do will not injure him in the least, as he is protected by powers, that you seem ignorant of.

Respectfully,
E. L. ALLEN.

We do not always agree with **COLLIER'S WEEKLY** in its views on men and things, but we must confess to admiration for the way in which it goes for what it espouses and lambastes that in which it thinks that it has found fraud.

—Bridgeport (Conn.) *Standard*.

A. G. EDWARDS & SONS,
INVESTMENT BANKERS,
NEW YORK AND ST. LOUIS.
I want to tell you again that I think your work in **COLLIER'S** is absolutely superb. I never saw as much good stuff condensed into a smaller space as there is in your financial page. It is doing a great deal of good. Every little while something comes up here which shows me people are reading your "dope" and are learning a great deal of financial wisdom from your paper.

(Signed) LOUIS A. LAMB.

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The Editorial: Past, Present and Future

(Continued from page 18)

parted something warm, something humanly tangible, something directly and conspicuously responsible, passed out of the relation between the reader and the editorial, the first effect of which was to rob this department of a considerable part of the reader's confidence, to raise doubts or even suspicions in his mind, and—what was still more disastrous—to chill the sense of personal relation which formerly had existed.

The seriousness of this change will be realized when one considers how personal and concrete the American mind is. In the American theater, as we know, Hamlet's judgment, "The play's the thing," works feebly. A lithographed personality draws better.

The era of the great editor was the era of the star system in journalism.

As Mr. Irwin has pointed out, it was with the Civil War that conditions in journalism began most radically to change. During the four years of that conflict there developed naturally an urgent demand for news, and the demand developed means of satisfying it. Practical invention—the telegraph, the railroad, the better organization of news-gathering agencies, improvements in the printing press by which a larger and larger public could be supplied, the development of advertising—all these transformed the newspaper within two or three decades.

The Broadside Passes

DURING that transformation the old-time editor made his exit from the stage of metropolitan journalism, and the same changes which removed him altered the place and fortunes of his special instrument, the editorial. The old-time or personal editor was superseded by a complex official concerned chiefly with business, administration, and the art of gathering and displaying news. To this new editorship the editorial was merely one of many interests; in some cases an inferior, almost negligible, interest; at best, not a paramount consideration.

Thus overshadowed, both in the interest of the new editor and in the public favor, by the dramatic development of news and feature journalism, the editorial had also to face an important social change. This may be roughly described as the "speeding up" of metropolitan life, the immense multiplication of its appetites and interests, the widening of its horizon, and the growth of sophistication. The peril of disunion and the tragedy of civil strife having passed, the American people turned to material accomplishment, to the acquisition and enjoyment of prosperity. The great political and moral issues which had held the imagination of the preceding generation were assumed to be settled, and there was nothing to do but pursue happiness according to the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, and live happy ever after. Politics, therefore, ceased to be a passion, and as partisanship languished, faiths and convictions weakened. With this social change the old roaring editorial broadside passed away, along with the florid oratory of the platform and the blazing dogmas of the pulpit.

Thus, during a generation, the external fortunes of the editorial were profoundly modified by conditions affecting the attitude of the reader toward it, diminishing its place in the public eye, reducing its relative rank in the organization of the newspaper.

A Transitional Period

YET the loss of personal editorship is far from being irreparable. In England, for example, it does not and never did exist. Even a great journalist and thunderer like Delane of the "Times" was not a personal editor of the type of Greeley and Medill. The difference between the authority of the best English editorial writing and that of the great editors was the difference between institutional and personal authority. The generation of the Civil War inquired: "What does Greeley say?" The English reader of the same period asked: "What does the 'Times' say?"

And it is the most serious weakness of the editorial during this present period of transition that it has lost personal authority and has not yet won institutional authority—an authority built up by expressing persistently a related and consistent range of convictions in politics, in economics, in social movement, in public and private affairs; in short, by commenting upon any aspect of life from a point of view and in a definite spirit or style.

In the intense preoccupation of editors and publishers with the more dramatic, novel, or immediately necessary

phases of newspaper growth, the development of institutional character has been neglected and retarded. At the same time the external conditions which permit and assist its development were lacking. The decay of partisanship left the editorial unsustained by the sturdy certitudes of party dogma; party issues were vaguer and less vital. Social conditions, especially in the Middle West and West, were shifting, social classes were indistinct. In England, where the institutional editorial was solid and mature even where it was rather dull and devitalized, none of these conditions existed. A journal stood not only for a party but for a well-defined group or class, expressing its philosophy and its manners, defending its interests.

The Lack of Standards

THE situation in America is described with characteristic, picturesque candor by Colonel Henry Watterson. "Journalism," he has declared recently, "is without any code of ethics or system of self-restraint and self-respect. It has no sure standards of either work or duty. Its intellectual landscapes are anonymous, its moral destination confused. The country doctor, the village lawyer knows his place and keeps it, having the consciousness of superiority. The journalist has few, if any, mental perspectives to fix his horizon; neither chart of precedent nor map of discovery upon which his sailing lines and travel lines have been marked."

This is not true of such a newspaper as the New York "Evening Post," which has developed an institutional character, limited in its influence and appeal, but coherent and consistent through many years. It is not true of other newspapers which need not be catalogued here. But it is roughly true of most editorship of this transitional period, and it provides the chief problem for the journalism of to-day to solve, unless the newspaper is content to revert to its seventeenth century type and become once more a news bulletin.

There were, indeed, publishers disposed to welcome the release from responsibility such a reversion would involve, who were skeptical of the value of the editorial, who viewed it as the vermiform appendix of the newspaper, useless and likely to be troublesome. But they were given a striking demonstration of its new possibilities at the very moment when the editorial, and, in fact, all the older forms of journalistic expression, seemed about to be swallowed up in the whirlpool of yellow journalism. To cap the irony of the event, it was in a yellow journal, and by a master of yellow journalism, that the editorial was restored to its former primacy in the newspaper organization, recaptured its old prestige, developed new capacities, and conquered for itself a new world of readers.

Enter Arthur Brisbane

THIS feat of the journalistic genius is to be credited to Mr. Arthur Brisbane. Mr. Brisbane invented a new form of editorial. Perhaps it is more accurate to say he revived a very old form. He democratized that old aristocratic form, the essay, and launched it with a courage only newspaper men can appreciate upon the roaring sea of ochlocracy which he and his associates of the yellow press had raised. Mr. Brisbane achieved the most honorable thing done by yellow journalism.

The new editorial was a remarkable example of insight into the actual conditions of life and intellectual and spiritual needs of the yellow journal's readers, the new readers of newspapers. It recognized that a large proportion of this newly acquired public was young—young in years—the shopgirl, the clerk, the young artisan; and that a still larger proportion was young in the habit of reading, of consecutive thought, of persistent attention to the printed word. It recognized that the editorial is read chiefly on the way to and from work, in crowded cars, amid noise and distraction. It recognized that it was to be for its readers almost the only reading, almost the only source of knowledge through print. Finally, it recognized that, for its readers, life was serious business, a matter of rudimentary problems, sternly pressing.

An Extraordinary Influence

THE Brisbane editorial meets these controlling facts with an intelligence which it is fair to measure by the extraordinary influence it achieved. Its physical form is striking. The type is large in the main, but varied, with the most important thoughts emphasized by still larger type. That is, this editorial is physically easy to read. It catches the roving eye, and pins down the wandering attention. It

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Comfort means more than mere physical enjoyment of luxuriously upholstered seats and easy springs. It means confidence in the car and a feeling of security against strain and the undue fatigue often incidental to a long tour over roads of varying roughness.

Complete comfort of mind and body may properly be anticipated in the fine motor-car of to-day.

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Please send me full information about your Free Home Test Plan on the Virtuolo; also, free copy of "The Inner Beauty," a book about music and its inner meaning.

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HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.
Established 1839
Boston New York

a skillful advertisement.

Its literary form has the same merits. It is simple, clear, direct, emphatic, personal. It has an easy authority of tone, but is never condescending. It is the voice of a friend from the next doorstep, a voice of one wiser and older, but not the voice of one "talking down."

"The Shopgirl's Addison"

AS to subject matter, Mr. Brisbane made happy riddance of the old-time editorial's political obsession. To most of us, most of the time, and especially to Mr. Brisbane's readers, politics is a lesser interest, often a bore. At times it is energized by a real issue or a striking personality. But it does not deserve the ninety per cent of editorial attention it once received. Mr. Brisbane made his editorial a general essay. He discussed such topics as "Why are all men gamblers?" "We long for immoral imperfection—we can't have it." "Did we once live on the moon?" "The Existence of God, a parable of the blind kittens." "The harm that is done by our friends." "A girl's face in the gaslight." "What will 999 years mean to the human race?"

Mr. Brisbane became the shopgirl's Addison. His editorials supplied the sole intellectual adventure of thousands. He dealt largely with platitude unabashed, but he revived it with effective concrete applications drawn from the common life. He opened novel vistas and threw upon the homely and familiar a new light.

As to the soundness of the political or social views of Mr. Brisbane it is not the province of this article to speak. We are here concerned only with general methods.

The Brisbane editorial was the most conspicuous but not the only sign of the restoration of the editorial. In the best newspapers it had maintained a high and dignified character and, among a still considerable fraction of the reading public, a respectable, if diminished, influence. But it also was broadening its interests in obedience to the same conditions which brought forth the Brisbane essay. It began to lay more emphasis on entertainment. This was true of news policy in a more striking degree, but the earliest recognition of the importance of this factor in a newspaper's success reached the editorial as well as the news report. Entertainment was the central policy of the journalism of Charles A. Dana, a policy which has been well sustained since his death.

The "Sun" Style

THE "Sun" editorial is addressed directly and exclusively to the reader who is equipped with the usual machinery of literary culture. Its style is highly accented and polished. The rare word is sedulously sought and brought forth with great effect, upon occasion, from the uttermost depths of the dictionary. Color and rhythm, the legitimate cadence of emotional prose, are strongly marked merits of the "Sun" style, employed especially in ridicule. Ridicule, smart and ruthless, is one of its distinguishing qualities. It would be more effective if its wit were not so often ill-natured and cynical, qualities especially offensive to the rough generosity of the American temper, the amiable, optimistic, uncerberian American spirit.

But the "Sun's" editorials have a very rare virtue in what may be called their pictorial quality. They have a knack of visualizing an idea, of dramatizing comment or, at any rate, of giving it an objective background. A politician known for his height and for his solemn platitudes invades a neighboring State during a campaign, whereupon the "Sun," observing the foray from afar, notes how "his tall and awful form cast its shadow across the Sangamon."

Shall We Abolish It?

THUS to give to the editorial a visual interest, a setting for the inner eye, is to refresh both writer and reader. It is not as easy as the "Sun's" deft efforts may lead the layman to suppose, but it is worth whatever effort it costs, for editorial writing would be fifty per cent more attractive if this borrowing from the art of the reporter were practiced. In fact, the reporter, if he have capacity for sound generalization and for reasoned statement, becomes the most effective of editorial



Prof. Anderson's Supper

The Bedtime Meal in Countless Homes Tonight

When Prof. Anderson invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, he gave you, for one thing, the best foods ever served in milk.

You serve them at breakfast with sugar and cream. Or you mix them with fruit. At dinner the puffed grains are crisps for the soup. Or a nut-like garnish when you serve ice cream.

But the favorite way with children is to serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Done by Furnace Heat

These are whole-grain foods—not merely the flour. That adds a great deal to their food value.

In bronze-steel guns they are revolved for an hour in a heat of 550 degrees. Think of that. Boiling heat is 212 degrees.

It is that fierce heat which gives to these grains their enticing nut-like taste. It crisps them through and through. And it makes them twice as digestible as cereals baked or boiled.

The moisture in the grain turns to superheated steam. When the guns are unsealed each grain explodes. The millions of food granules are blasted to pieces.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread. Each grain is made up of countless toast-walled cells. Imagine how those crisp, porous, nut-like grains taste when served in milk.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in
Puffed Rice, 15c Extreme
West

Prof. Anderson's object was to make whole grains twice as digestible as ever before. As a result of this heroic process, puffed grains yield every whit of their food value. These are scientific foods.

But, with the first taste, that fact is forgotten. People eat these foods because they delight in them.

Five Meals Daily

Dr. Woods Hutchinson says that children should be given five meals every day. Food alone makes them grow.

For the extra meals give them something digestible, of maximum food value and surpassingly good. Give them whole grains of wheat or rice, made nut-like in a furnace heat, blasted to porous crispness. And serve them in milk.

During hot weather people have eaten a hundred million dishes of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers—Chicago

writers. An instance of this was William Lloyd, who a few years ago, while an editorial writer on the Chicago "Tribune," brought with him from his reportorial experience some of the method of the reporter, and was, I believe, the first to introduce the vivid editorial of the quasi-objective type to Western readers. A specimen of his writing, which remains with me from that day, is an example of what may be done to brighten the sedate editorial columns by this method:

Poor Romance

ROMANCE suffers another setback at the hands of the edacious railroads. The new electric locomotive now being installed on some American roads is just an oblong box with sloping ends. By comparison, the steam locomotive was a man and a brother. It had features on its face, such as a smokestack and a big, bulging wart that it called a steam dome. And you could see it visibly eating coal. That was companionable. The electric locomotive lives off a third rail. You can't feel much sympathy with a thing like that. Moreover, the steam locomotive had a piston-rod arm that you could see straining its muscle to turn the wheel fast enough. And it puffed and panted in the honest effort to do the work properly. The electric locomotive just moves along without any apparent reason. The photographs, which show the electric glider distancing the steam puffer in railroad races, are pathetic exhibitions of the triumph of a force over a personality. We intend to buy a steam locomotive, and keep it in the barn and be kind to it in its declining years. It had too much individuality for this standardized age, in which we all have to look and behave like identical oblong boxes, and in which romance, while never dying, becomes less and less a matter of the outward eye, and more and more a matter of the inward imagination."

Yet editorial traditions and conventions, crystallized through nearly two centuries, do not yield quickly. Nevertheless it is coming. To-day editorial writing is better in tone and temper, essentially honest and more considerate, broader and more varied in its interests and its sympathies, than it was in the days of personal journalism.

The Call of the News

ON the other hand, the loss of conspicuity and obvious influence has not been made up and will not be regained in the same form. That it will be regained by the development of an institutional authority in place of the old personal prestige of the "great editor" is hardly open to doubt. Far from abolishing the need of the editorial, the growth of news has emphasized it. The news has become a part of our lives. It is more than a luxury, a diversion. It is a permanent enlargement of our consciousness.

And you cannot take the world into your dooryard without dealing with it. Casual and superficial as we may be, our newspaper presents us not a stage play but much of the drama, in which we have a part. The news challenges. It is the headlong current in which we sink or swim. It touches us vitally at many points, and, in its complexity and likewise its necessary partiality, interpretation is more than ever necessary. It is equally evident that we seek contemporaneous interpretation.

A New Tendency

THIS is especially the demand of our impatient day. There is economy of time and effort in comment upon news to be found at the same time and in the same place as the news itself. Thus is created a pressure which has developed a tendency to editorialize in the news columns, a tendency encouraged by the temporary enfeeblement of the editorial proper. Some observers of newspaper affairs who believe that the editorial is obsolescent, and in time will be eliminated, recommend that its functions be fused with that of the news report. It is pointed out that by this plan the editorial influence will be greatly enhanced, because many readers do not read editorials, whereas all read the news. Promoted to the front page, and invading the consciousness of the reader under a thundering cannonade of headlines, the editorial as subtly blended with the news would achieve a vastly more

pervasive and compelling influence than it ever had enjoyed before.

I think this would prove to be a Pyrrhic victory. The defects of this method are plain enough wherever practiced. If there is anything the newspaper needs, it is a restoration of the public's confidence in its good faith, in its reliability, in its fidelity to its great trusteeship to keep the springs of public information open. There is to-day an almost universal distrust of newspapers. They are suspected of being "owned," that is, controlled as to policy and practice, by interests engaged in exploiting the public. They are charged with distorting fact for the sake of making it palatable to more readers, thus abusing and prostituting the high duty of full, fair publicity. It is an ironic commonplace, that "if you see it in the paper it's not true," and, though this is not really believed, it expresses a deep and disastrous distrust of the contemporary newspaper—a distrust for which there is altogether too much reason.

The Editorial Resurgence

THERE is nothing which could work more effectually to keep this distrust alive than to impose upon the reporter the duties of interpretation and exhortation—the essential duties of the editorial proper—for this would vitiate in all but the rarest cases the quality of his observation. Almost inevitably, though innocently, he would emphasize the facts that squared with his theories. He would be constantly under temptation to group, to suppress, to shade, to emphasize, so as to bring forth a conclusion. Scientific disinterestedness is the ideal for the reporter, not the zeal of the advocate. The most important, the essential, function of the press is a calm, full, and fearless presentation of all facts obtainable and of moment to the public in the widest sense. Direction, advice, exhortation, are all secondary and dependent upon this function. It is in the light of this principle that the editorial reveals its separate function of "guide, philosopher, and friend"; its ancient essential prerogative of "molding public opinion." This is its main purpose—inherent, implicit, accepted. It exists to take the material gathered by fair, scientific, unprejudiced research—the news, ideally considered—and to interpret those aspects of it which it is useful or necessary for society and the individual to understand.

The editorial as a feature of the American metropolitan newspaper has reached perhaps the nadir of its fortunes. There are many reasons to believe that it is already in the ascendant. The chief of these is to be found in the spirit of the times.

We have passed out of a period of complacent, unquestioning materialism. The national mind and the national conscience are once more conscious of problems as difficult and as critical as any the nation ever has had to face or ever is likely to meet. It is in such a social mood that the editorial revives and is restored to its own.

Work for the Editor

THERE is no literary form that is more conscious of its audience, as the dramatic artist would put it—no, not even the drama. There is no form of expression, save perhaps oratory and acting, that is more vitally dependent upon the public spirit. During a period in which the American people gave their sole thought to material success, when party principles were undecieving masks for a game in which political jobs were the stakes, when privilege grabbing and high finance went gayly on while the American people hustled for the almighty dollar, the editorial languished for want of vitalizing social atmosphere, for the editorial is a social and an institutional, not an individual, expression.

And now that the people are once more awake, the editorial has work to do. Its ancient prerogative of "molding public opinion" revives, for there is a public opinion to mold.

The editorial's special functions of interpretation and leadership are once more, and with increasing urgency, required of the press, whose tremendous and ever-broadening and deepening power for good and evil is being more and more anxiously recognized.

A Book Worth Your Sending For —Free To Readers of Collier's

If you care about books we want to send to you, free, this 64-page volume which we have had prepared for the specific purpose of adequately describing The Harvard Classics.

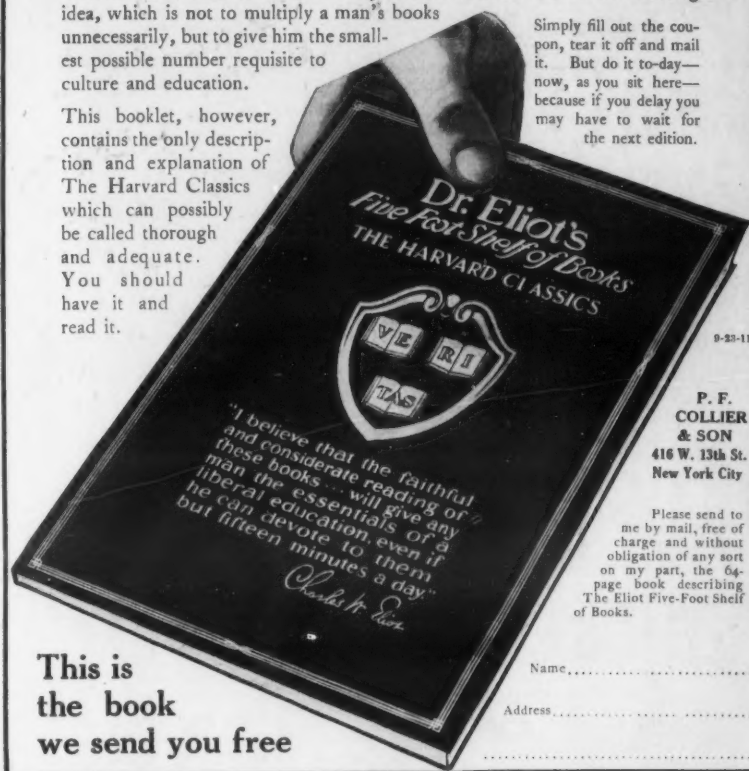
The Eliot Five-Foot Shelf of Books

It is a beautifully printed little volume, which not only presents Dr. Eliot's first official and definitive statement about his famous Five-Foot Shelf, but also takes up a consideration of each of the authors whose work was selected for a place in this work—a work which has been called the "greatest literary and educational achievement of modern times."

The Eliot Five-Foot Shelf of Books is not merely another version of the Sir John Lubbock idea of a "best hundred books." Its underlying motive is something deeper and broader. To quote Dr. Eliot's own words: "My aim was not to select the best fifty or best hundred books in the world, but to give in twenty-one thousand pages or thereabouts, a picture of the progress of the human race within historical times, so far as that progress can be depicted in books."

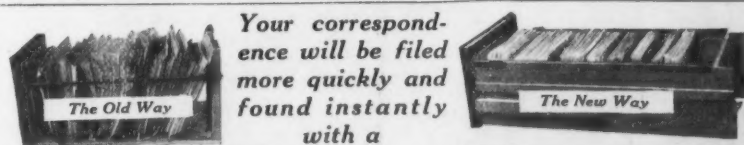
The Harvard Classics are most emphatically not made up of literary tidbits or extracts from famous authors, but are complete works. This is the significant feature of this library which differentiates it from all others. Practically every piece of writing included in the series is complete in itself—is a whole book, narrative, document, essay or poem. The works as selected bear a close relation not only to each other but also to the working idea, which is not to multiply a man's books unnecessarily, but to give him the smallest possible number requisite to culture and education.

This booklet, however, contains the only description and explanation of The Harvard Classics which can possibly be called thorough and adequate. You should have it and read it.



This is
the book
we send you free

Your correspondence will be filed more quickly and found instantly with a



MULTOPLEX FILING CABINET

Here is a more rapid, accurate, and economical filing cabinet. Our patented metal partitions inside the drawers keep correspondence always upright. Even though the cabinet is crowded to the limit your filing clerks can file, find and remove correspondence with much greater facility. Partitions are movable, always adjustable to your needs.

Multiplex drawers do away with crumpled, torn correspondence. They promote accuracy. Do away with guide card expense. Permit use of light weight folders,



cutting down cost of inside equipment. The "Multiplex" comes nearest to the ideal, fool-proof cabinet. Learn all about it from our booklet "Faultless Filing."

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Learn how the Multiplex Cabinet will save you money—in the increased efficiency of your filing clerk—in gained accuracy—in inside equipment economy—

how it gives everything that other cabinets give and out new features besides—also tells of our great check file system.

Write for our book today mentioning name of your firm and your capacity.

CANTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 1340 E. Second St., Canton, Ohio

ing for in an automobile is the best for the least amount of money. And you want sound facts to support the arguments given. Not talks about beautiful flowers, and spring time, but substantial, commercial facts that have a clear meaning.

And we back this up by referring you to our great factories, which on account of their enormous production, can turn out a car to suit at a price which no other maker can touch.

¶ We all know that coal can be bought cheaper in car lots than by the single ton; that wheat is cheaper by the ton than by the bushel; that hay is cheaper by the car than by the bale, but some of us do not stop to consider the fact that those materials which go into the make-up of an automobile, when bought and manufactured in great quantities, cost far less than if handled in small lots.

¶ The Willys-Overland Company has the greatest production of its kind in the world. We build 20,000 cars a year. How can the plant making 5,000 cars give you as much for your money as we do? The shirt manufacturer who buys 1,000,000 yards of a standard grade of cotton goods naturally pays less per yard than the man who buys a single bolt. And this holds with the purchase of materials for the manufacture of an automobile.

¶ As we operate more automatic machinery than any other manufacturer, parts can be made more accurately and rapidly, and at less expense—which means less cost to you. As we employ more men this means more efficiency in each department and more departmental specializing—which means less cost to you. As we make every single part of the car, such as drop forgings, axles, transmissions, frames, the entire motor, gears, aluminum castings, etc., and even the lamps and windshields—this means less cost to you, for a manufacturer smaller than the Overland Company is forced to purchase these parts from

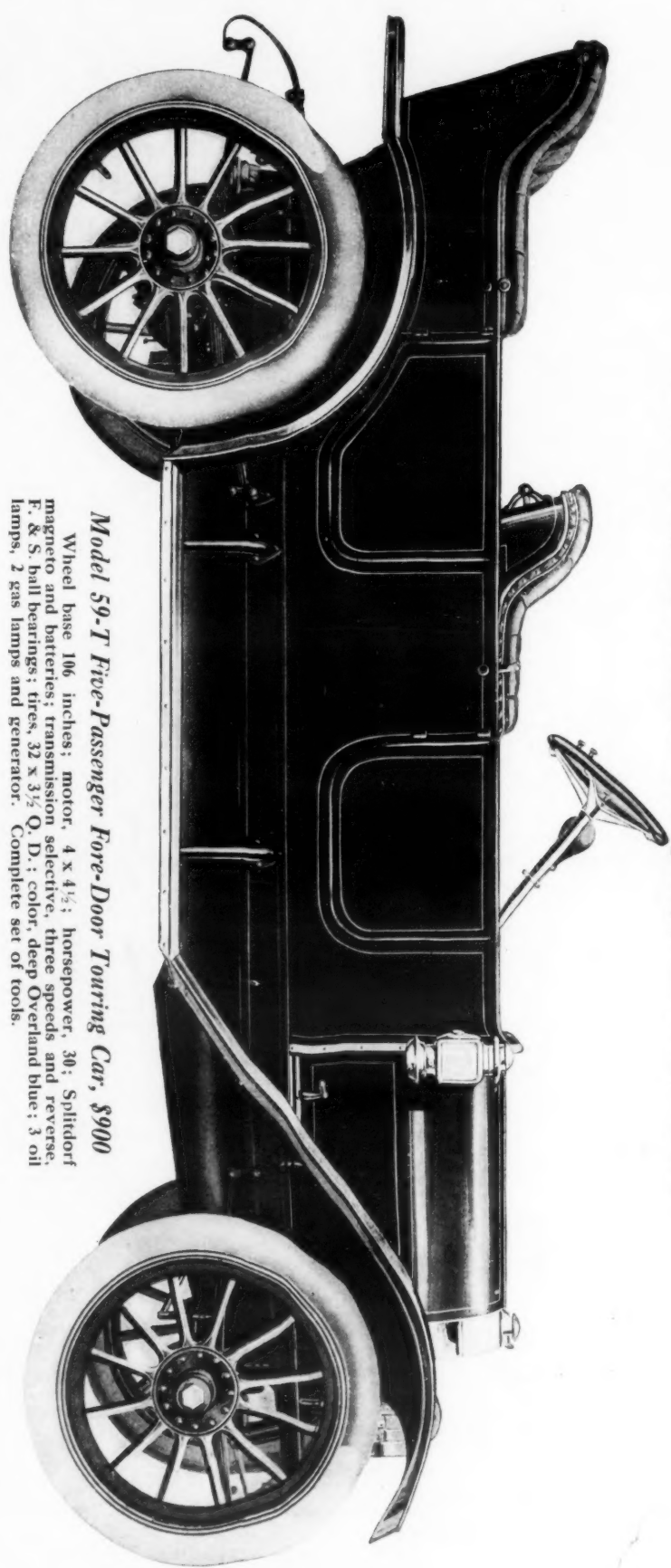
power type to see if it is the largest drop in the if sin manufacture and

ities sufficient. money than for a factory producing 20,000 cars a year. All of which explains why no plant smaller than ours can manufacture the car described below, and market it at our price without losing money.

¶ Here is a big fine 30 horsepower five-passenger fore-door touring car for \$900. Take the specifications of this car and see if you can find its equal for less than \$1250. Make a straightforward plain comparison. Take the detailed specifications—the horsepower—the staunch steel frame—the selective transmission fitted with F & S. annular bearings (which the most expensive cars in the world use)—the wheel base—the seating capacity—the design, etc. Check item for item. This will open your eyes a little as to what the 20,000 car factory can produce. You probably never expected so much in an automobile for such a small price. And this Model 59 is a thoroughly high grade car. Just as good and fine as it can be made. Large and roomy—good upholstery—easy riding—smooth and silent—powerful and speedy.

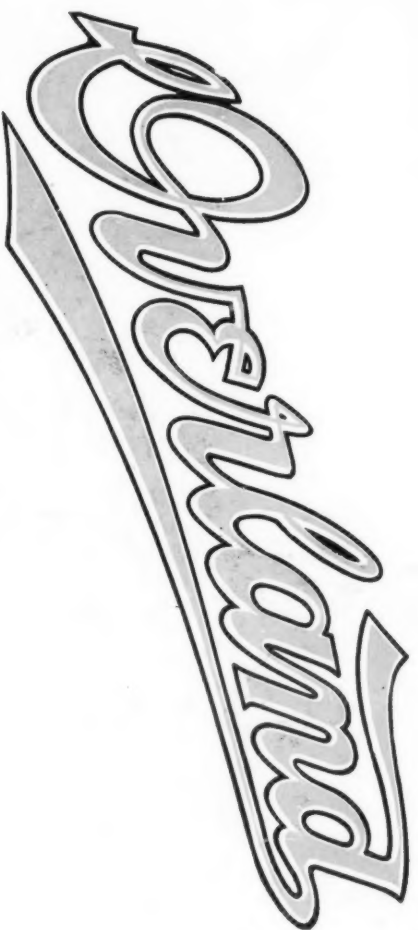
¶ We have just issued a very handsome book which takes you through our entire factory. It also describes our complete 1912 line. It is not full of a lot of technical talk, but it is written in a readable style so that anyone can understand it. This fully explains and illustrates the efficiency of the Willys-Overland Company—the greatest plant of its kind in the world. This book is free. Write for a copy today. Ask for booklet B29.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 59-T Five-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, \$900

Wheel base 106 inches; motor, 4 x 4½; horsepower, 30; Spildorf magneto and batteries; transmission selective, three speeds and reverse, F. & S. ball bearings; tires, 32 x 3½ O. D.; color, deep Overland blue; 3 oil lamps, 2 gas lamps and generator. Complete set of tools.



A Comparison of Our 30 H.P. Five-Passenger Touring Car at \$900 with Some of the Other Popular Priced Automobile Values for 1912

THOUSANDS of people all over the country are now trying to decide which is the best automobile for the price on the market. Literature is being sent broadcast by the carload. Dealers are working night and day and every manufacturer is doing his level best to make you believe his car represents the greatest value.

¶ The air is full of all manner of reasons why you should buy this car or that. When you sum up what the entire market has to offer it runs about like this: One manufacturer features his engineer—and tries to make him famous by publishing his name; another talks about the beautiful flowers and the glory of driving at night; another declares every car on the market is two years behind the game—except his; another tries to force you into quick action by threatening to advance the price; another cuts the price and endeavors to unload some old, out-of-date models with patched on fore-doors; another compares his popular priced car with all the five and six thousand dollar machines made, and makes the astonishing statement that the maker of high priced automobiles could easily slice his price in two and still make money; others refer you to such worthless one time performances as tours, reliability contests, cross country runs, hurdles and what not. And so it goes. No wonder your mind is in a state of confusion.

¶ No such general statements as these ever proved the worth of an automobile or anything else. They are absolutely meaningless. In each instance the main issue has been avoided. What you are looking for in an automobile is the best for the least amount of money. And you want sound facts to support the arguments given. Not talks about beautiful flowers, and spring time, but substantial, commercial facts that have a clear meaning.

some outside source, and this means more cost to you. And it is just this condition that forces those who manufacture cars of a 30 horsepower type to sell their automobiles at a price of \$1250. As we have the largest drop in price in the industry, we can manufacture and sell our cars at a price of \$900.

And we back this up by referring you to our great factories, where on account of their enormous production, can turn out a car to suit at a price which no other maker can touch.

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LOVE AND WARMTH



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AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

BRANCHES
ALL LARGE
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